

Ulrich Middeldorf

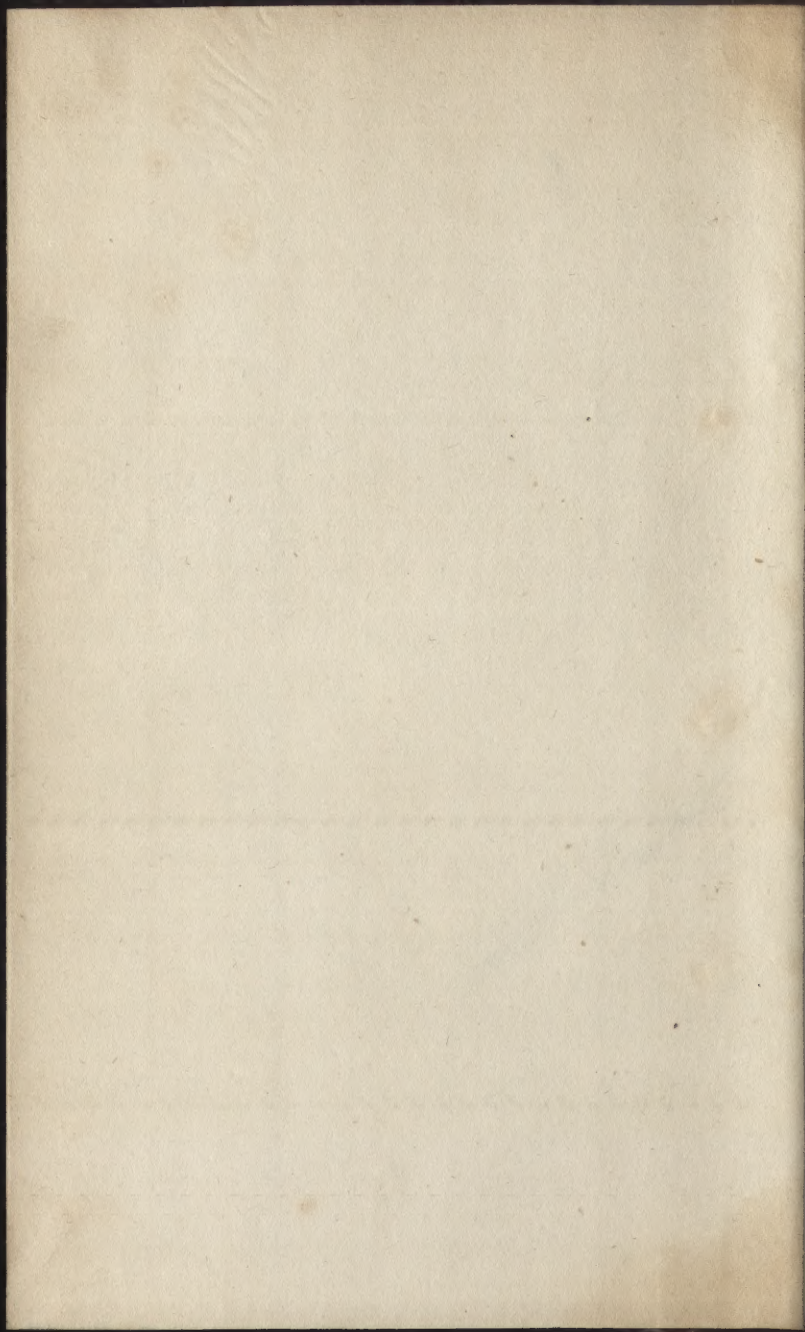


John Waldie

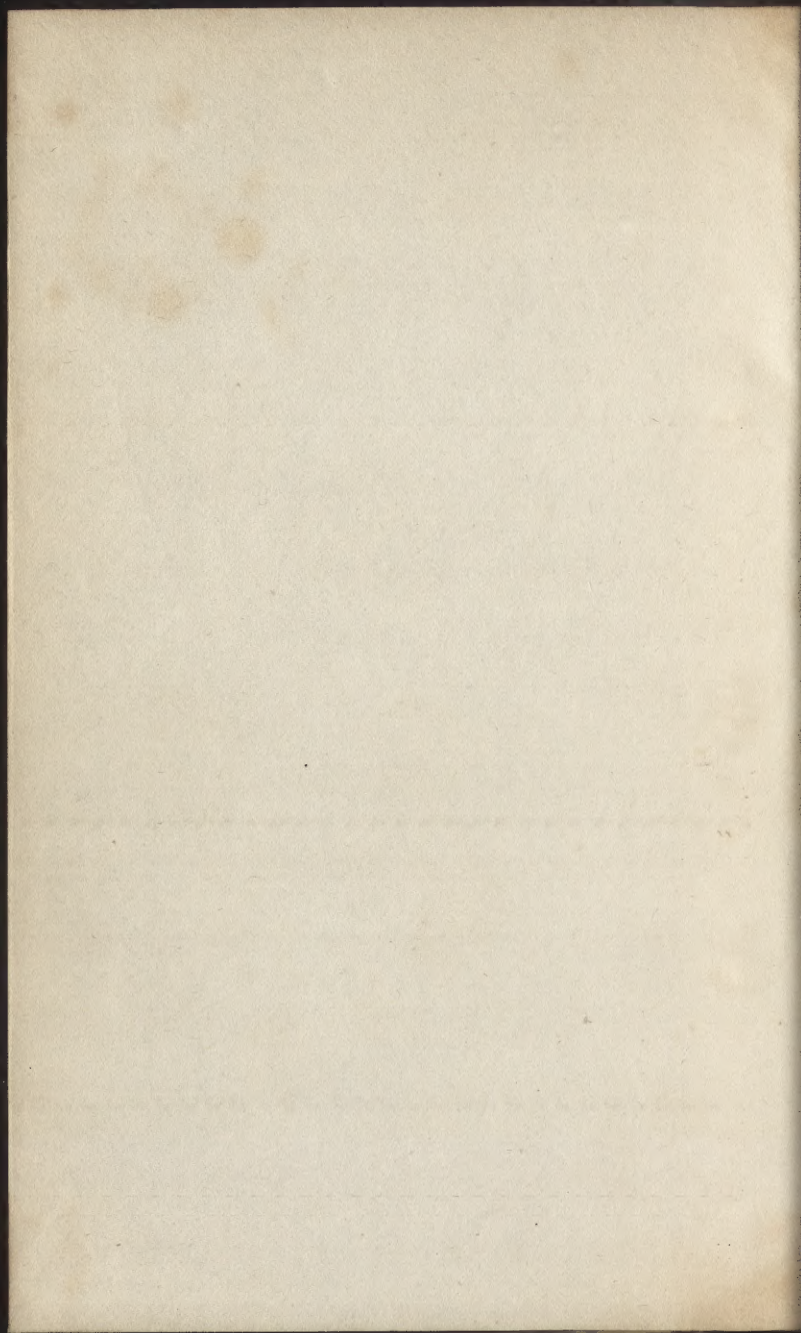
Poetry.

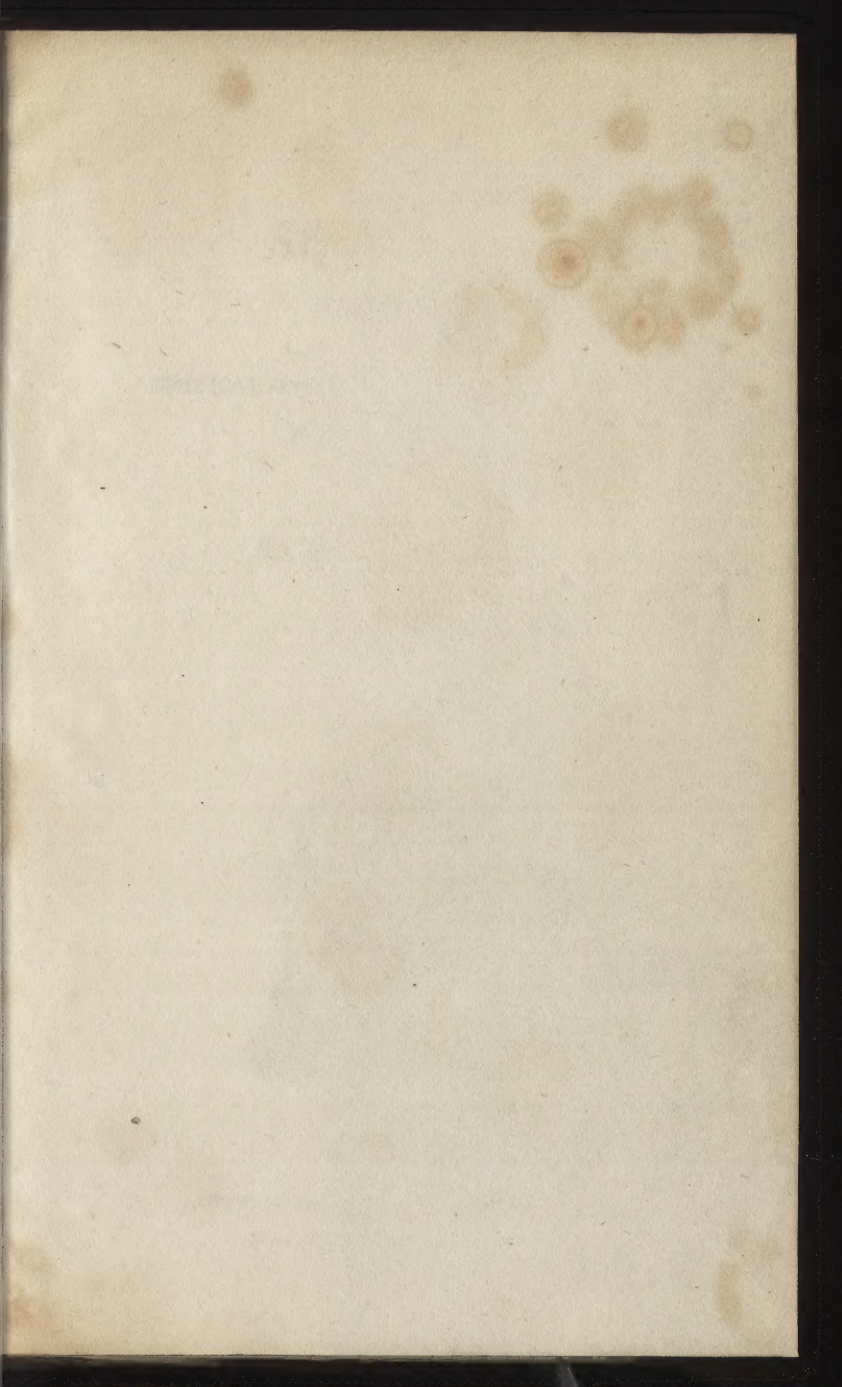
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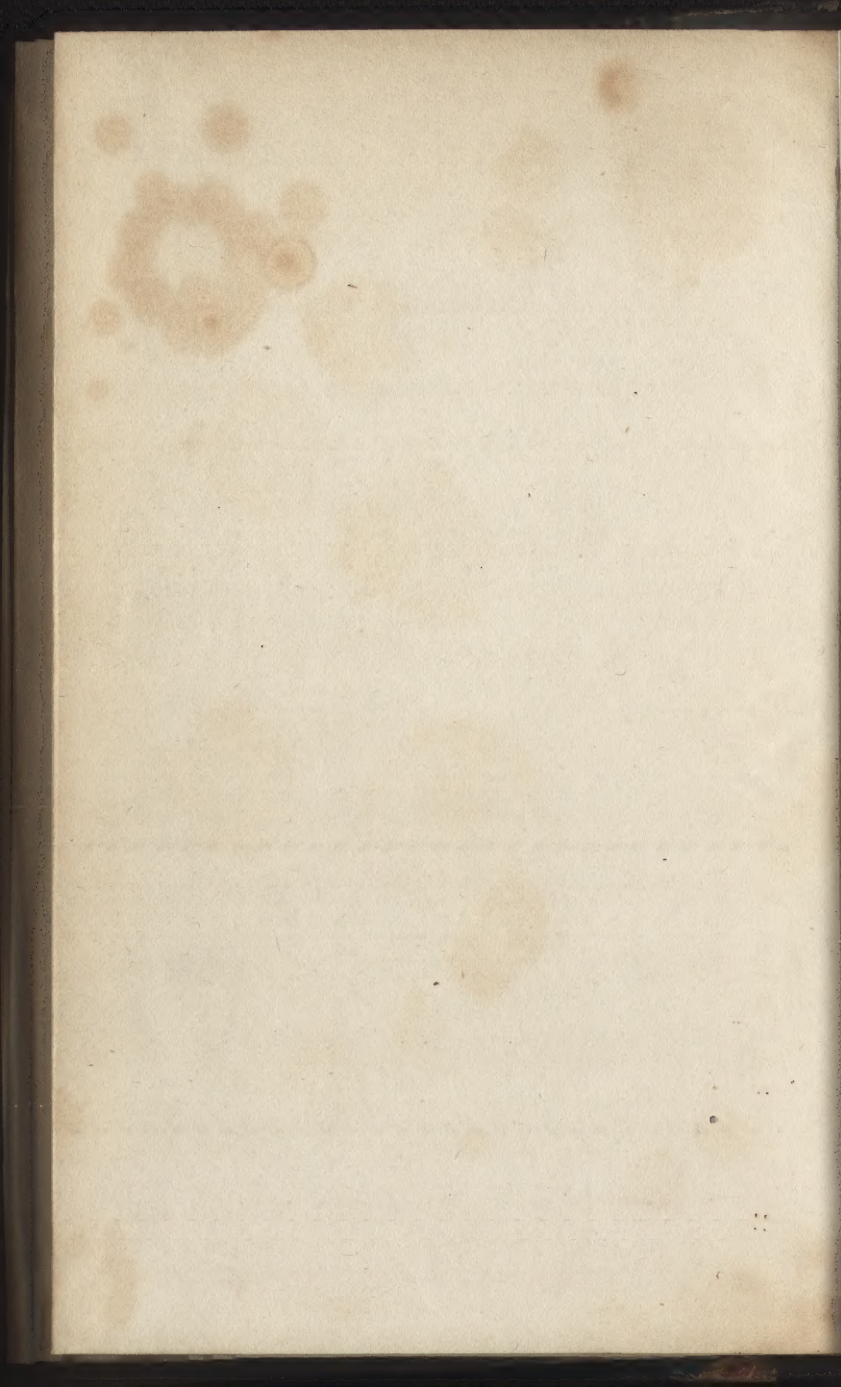




C. N.







SELECT
SCOTISH SONGS,
ANCIENT AND MODERN;
WITH
CRITICAL OBSERVATIONS AND BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES,
BY ROBERT BURNS.

EDITED
By R. H. CROMEK, F.A.S. Ed.

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THE

SCOTTISH

WARRIOR

CRITICAL REVIEW

BY ROBERT

AND

B. M. A. R. W. & C.

LONDON

LONDON:

PRINTED BY THE SCOTTISH WARRIOR

AT THE SCOTTISH WARRIOR

1840

SELECT SCOTISH SONGS, &c.

TAK YOUR AULD CLOAK ABOUT YE.

*A PART of this old song, according to the English set of it, is quoted in Shakspeare.**

In winter when the rain rain'd cauld,
And frost and snaw on ilka hill,
And Boreas, with his blasts sae bauld,
Was threat'ning a' our ky to kill :
Then Bell my wife, wha loves na strife,
She said to me right hastily,
Get up, goodman, save Cromy's life,
And tak your auld cloak about ye.

My Cromie is an useful cow,
And she is come of a good kyne ;
Aft has she wet the bairns' mou,
And I am laith that she shou'd tyne

* In the drinking scene in Othello. This song was recovered by Dr. Percy, and preserved by him in his *Reliques of Antient Poetry*.

Get up, goodman, it is fou time,
 The sun shines in the lift sae hie ;
 Sloth never made a gracious end,
 Go tak your auld cloak about ye.

My cloak was anes a good grey cloak,
 When it was fitting for my wear ;
 But now it's scantly worth a groat,
 For I have worn't this thirty year ;
 Let's spend the gear that we have won,
 We little ken the day we'll die :
 Then I'll be proud, since I have sworn
 To have a new cloak about me.

In days when our king Robert rang,
 His trews they cost but haff a crown ;
 He said they were a groat o'er dear,
 And call'd the taylor thief and loun.
 He was the king that wore a crown,
 And thou the man of laigh degree,
 'Tis pride puts a' the country down,
 Sae tak thy auld cloak about thee.

Every land has its ain laugh,
 Ilk kind of corn it has its hool,
 I think the warld is a' run wrang,
 When ilka wife her man wad rule ;

Do ye not see Rob, Jock, and Hab,
 As they are girded gallantly,
 While I sit hurklen in the ase;
 I'll have a new cloak about me.

Goodman, I wate 'tis thirty years,
 Since we did ane anither ken;
 And we have had between us twa,
 Of lads and bonny lasses ten:
 Now they are women grown and men,
 I wish and pray well may they be;
 And if you prove a good husband,
 E'en tak your auld cloak about ye.

Bell my wife, she loves na strife;
 But she wad guide me, if she can,
 And to maintain an easy life,
 I aft maun yield, tho' I'm goodman:
 Nought's to be won at woman's hand,
 Unless ye give her a' the plea;
 Then I'll leave aff where I began,
 And tak my auld cloak about me.

RATTLIN, ROARIN WILLIE.

THE last stanza of this song is mine; it was composed out of compliment to one of the worthiest fellows in the world, William Dunbar, Esq. Writer to the signet, Edinburgh, and Colonel of the Crochallan corps, a club of wits who took that title at the time of raising the fencible regiments.

O rattlin, roarin Willie,
 O he held to the fair,
 An' for to sell his fiddle,
 And buy some ither ware;
 But parting wi' his fiddle,
 The saut tear blint his ee;
 And rattlin roarin Willie,
 Ye're welcome hame to me.

O Willie, come sell your fiddle,
 O sell your fiddle sae fine;
 O Willie come sell your fiddle,
 And buy a pint o' wine.
 If I should sell my fiddle,
 The warl' wou'd think I was mad,
 For many a rantin day
 My fiddle and I hae had!

As I cam by Crochallan,
 I cannilie keekit ben,
 Rattlin, roarin Willie
 Was sitting at yon boord-en';
 Sitting at yon boord-en',
 And amang guid companie;
 Rattlin, roarin Willie,
 Ye're welcome hame to me!

WHERE BRAVING ANGRY WINTER'S STORMS.

THIS song I composed on one of the most accomplished of women, Miss Peggy Chalmers that was, now Mrs. Lewis Hay, of Forbes and Co's bank, Edinburgh.

Tune—NIEL GOW'S LAMENTATION FOR ABERCAIRNEY.*

Where braving angry winter's storms,
 The lofty Ochels rise,
 Far in their shade my Peggy's charms
 First blest my wandering eyes.

* The different publications which have appeared under the name of Neil Gow, and which contain not only his sets of the older tunes, but various occasional airs of his own composition,
 for

As one who by some savage stream,
 A lonely gem surveys,
 Astonish'd, doubly marks its beam,
 With art's most polish'd blaze.

Blest be the wild, sequester'd shade,
 And blest the day and hour,
 Where Peggy's charms I first survey'd,
 When first I felt their pow'r!

The tyrant death with grim controul,
 May seize my fleeting breath,
 But tearing Peggy from my soul
 Must be a stronger death.

for instance, his "Lamentation for Abercairney," and "Loch-
 Erroch-side," are striking specimens of his genius, feeling, and
 power of embellishment. These were set and prepared for pub-
 lication, by his son Nathaniel; whose respectable character, and
 propriety of conduct, have long secured him the esteem and
 favour of the public; and whose knowledge of composition, and
 variety of talent in the art, joined with the greatest refinement
 of taste, elegance of expression, and power of execution, ren-
 der him (beyond all dispute) the most accomplished and success-
 ful performer of Scottish music in general, ever produced by
 this country."

Scots Mag. Jan. 1809.

NANCY'S GHOST.

THIS song is by Dr. Blacklock.

TIBBIE, I HAE SEEN THE DAY.

THIS song I composed about the age of seventeen.

Tune—INVERCALD'S REEL.

*O Tibbie, I hae seen the day
Ye wadna been sae shy;
For laik o' gear ye lightly me,
But trowth, I care na by.*

Yestreen I met you on the moor,
Ye spak na, but gaed by like stoure;
Ye geck at me because I'm poor,
But feint a hair care I.
Tibbie, I hae, &c.

I doubt na, lass, but ye may think,
 Because ye hae the name o' clink,
 That ye can please me at a wink,
 Whene'er ye like to try.

Tibbie, I hae, &c.

But sorrow tak him that's sae mean,
 Altho' his pouch o' coin were clean,
 Wha follows ony saucy quean
 That looks sae proud and high.

Tibbie, I hae, &c.

Altho' a lad were e'er sae smart,
 If that he want the yellow dirt,
 Ye'll cast your head anither airt,
 An' answer him fu' dry.

Tibbie, I hae, &c.

But if he hae the name o' gear,
 Ye'll fasten to him like a brier,
 Tho' hardly he for sense or lear
 Be better than the kye.

Tibbie, I hae, &c.

But, Tibbie, lass, tak my advice,
 Your daddie's gear maks you sae nice,
 The deil a ane wad speir your price,
 Were ye as poor as I.

Tibbie, I hae, &c.

COLLIER LADDIE.

I DO not know a blyther old song than this.

Whare live ye, my bonie lass,
 And tell me what they ca' ye?
 My name, she says, is Mistress Jean,
 And I follow the Collier laddie.

See ye not yon hills and dales
 The sun shines on sae brawlie!
 They a' are mine and they shall be thine,
 Gin ye'll leave your Collier laddie.

Ye shall gang in gay attire,
 Weel buskit up sae gawdy;
 And ane to wait on every hand
 Gin ye'll leave your Collier laddie.

Tho' ye had a' the sun shines on,
 And the earth conceals sae lowly;
 I wad turn my back on you and it a',
 And embrace my Collier laddie.

I can win my five-pennies in a day,
 And spen't at night fu' brawlie:
 And make my bed in the Collier's neuk,
 And lie down wi' my Collier laddie.

Loove for loove is the bargain for me,
 Tho' the wee cot-house should haud me,
 And the warld before me to win my bread,
 And fair fa' my Collier laddie.

YE GODS, WAS STREPHON'S PICTURE BLEST?

Tune—FOURTEENTH OF OCTOBER.

THE title of this air shews that it alludes to the famous king Crispian, the patron of the honorable corporation of Shoemakers.—St. Crispian's day falls on the fourteenth of October, old style, as the old proverb tells;

On the fourteenth of October
 Was ne'er a sutor* sober.

SINCE ROBB'D OF ALL THAT CHARM'D MY
 VIEWS.

THE old name of this air is, The blossom o' the Raspberry. The song is Dr. Blacklock's.

* A shoemaker.

MUSING ON THE ROARING OCEAN.

I COMPOSED these verses out of compliment to a Mrs. M' Lachlan, whose husband is an officer in the East Indies.

Tune—DRUMION DUBH.

Musing on the roaring ocean,
Which divides my love and me;
Wearying heaven in warm devotion,
For his weal where'er he be.

Hope and fear's alternate billow
Yielding late to nature's law,
Whisp'ring spirits round my pillow,
Talk of him that's far awa.

Ye whom sorrow never wounded,
Ye who never shed a tear,
Care-untroubled, joy-surrounded,
Gaudy day to you is dear.

Gentle night, do thou befriend me,
Downy sleep the curtain draw;
Spirits kind, again attend me,
Talk of him that's far awa!

YOUNG DAMON.

THIS air is by Oswald.

BLYTHE WAS SHE.

*I COMPOSED these verses while I stayed at Och-
tertyre with Sir William Murray.—The lady, who
was also at Ochtertyre at the same time, was the
well-known toast, Miss Euphemia Murray of Len-
trose, who was called, and very justly, The Flower
of Strathmore.*

*Blythe, blythe and merry was she,
Blythe was she but and ben;
Blythe by the banks of Ern,
And blythe in Glenturit glen.*

*By Oughtertyre grows the aik,
On Yarrow banks, the birken shaw;
But Phemie was a bonnier lass,
Than braes o' Yarrow ever saw.
Blythe, &c.*

Her looks were like a flow'r in May,
 Her smile was like a simmer morn;
 She tripped by the banks of Ern,
 As light's a bird upon a thorn.

Blythe, &c.

Her bonie face it was as meek
 As ony lamb upon a lee;
 The evening sun was ne'er sae sweet
 As was the blink o' Phemie's e'e.

Blythe, &c.

The Highland hills I've wander'd wide,
 And o'er the lawlands I hae been,
 But Phemie was the blythest lass
 That ever trod the dewy green.

Blythe, &c.

ABSENCE.

*THIS song and air are both by Dr. Blacklock;
 the song is in the manner of Shenstone.*

JOHNY FAA, OR THE GYPSIE LADDIE.

THE people in Ayrshire begin this song—

The gypsies cam to my Lord Cassilis' yett.

They have a great many more stanzas in this song than I ever yet saw in any printed copy.—*

* The Editor gives this verse as a specimen:—

My ladie's skin, like the driven snaw,
Looked through her satin cleedin',
Her white hausé, as the wine ran down,
It like a rose did redden.

As it had been observed, that neighbouring tradition strongly vouched for the truth of the story upon which this ballad is founded, Mr. Finlay, with a laudable curiosity, resolved to make the necessary inquiries, the result of which, without much variation, he published in his "Scottish Ballads," and is as follows:

"That the Earl of Cassilis had married a nobleman's daughter contrary to her wishes, she having been previously engaged to another; but that the persuasion and importunity of her friends at last brought her to consent: That Sir John Faw, of Dunbar, her former lover, seizing the opportunity of the Earl's absence on a foreign embassy, disguised himself and a number of his retainers as gypsies, and carried off the lady, 'nothing loth:' That the Earl having returned opportunely at the time of the commission of the act, and nowise inclined to participate in his consort's

The castle is still remaining at Maybole, where his lordship shut up his wayward spouse, and kept her for life.

The gypsies came to our good lord's gate
 And wow but they sang sweetly ;
 They sang sae sweet, and sae very complete,
 That down came the fair ladie.

consort's ideas on the subject, collected his vassals, and, pursued the lady and her paramour to the borders of England, where, having overtaken them, a battle ensued, in which Faw and his followers were all killed or taken prisoners, excepting one,

—— the meanest of them all,
 Who lives to weep and sing their fall.

“ It is by this survivor that the ballad is supposed to have been written. The Earl, on bringing back the fair fugitive, banished her *a mensa et thora*, and, it is said, confined her for life in a tower at the village of Maybole, in Ayrshire, built for the purpose; and, that nothing might remain about this tower unappropriated to its original destination, eight heads, carved in stone, below one of the turrets, are said to be the effigies of *so many* of the gypsies. The lady herself, as well as the survivor of Faw's followers, contributed to perpetuate the remembrance of the transaction; for if he wrote a song about it, she wrought it in tapestry; and this piece of workmanship is still preserved at

Culzean

And she came tripping down the stair,
 And a' her maids before her ;
 As soon as they saw her weelfar'd face,
 They coost the glammer o'er her.

" Gar tak fra me this gay mantle,
 And bring to me a plaidie ;
 For if kith and kin and a' had sworn,
 I'll follow the gypsie laddie.

" Yestreen I lay in a well-made bed,
 And my good lord beside me ;
 This night I'll ly in a tenant's barn,
 Whatever shall betide me."

Culzean Castle. It remains to be mentioned, that the ford, by which the lady and her lover crossed the river Doon from a wood near Cassilis-house, is still denominated the Gypsies' Steps.

" There seems to be no reason for identifying the hero with Johnie Faa, who was king of the gypsies about the year 1590. The coincidence of names, and the disguise assumed by the lover, is perhaps the foundation on which popular tradition has raised the structure. Upon authority so vague, nothing can be assumed; and indeed I am inclined to adopt the opinion of a correspondent, that the whole story may have been the invention of some feudal or political rival, to injure the character and hurt the feelings of an opponent; at least, after a pretty diligent search, I have been able to discover nothing that in the slightest degree confirms the popular tale."

Cóme to your bed, says Johny Faa,
 Oh! come to your bed, my deary;
 For I vow and swear by the hilt of my sword,
 That your lord shall nae mair come near ye.

“ I’ll go to bed to my Johny Faa,
 And I’ll go to bed to my deary;
 For I vow and swear by what past yestreen,
 That my lord shall nae mair come near me.”

“ I’ll mak a hap to my Johny Faa,
 And I’ll mak a hap to my deary;
 And he’s get a’ the coat gaes round,
 And my lord shall nae mair come near me.”

And when our lord came home at e’en,
 And speir’d for his fair lady,
 The tane she cry’d, and the other reply’d,
 She’s away wi’ the gypsie laddie.

“ Gae saddle to me the black, black steed,
 Gae saddle and mak him ready;
 Before that I either eat or sleep,
 I’ll gae seek my fair lady.”

And we were fifteen well-made men,
 Altho’ we were nae bonny;
 And we were a’ put down for ane,
 A fair young wanton lady.

TO DAUNTON ME.

THE two following old stanzas to this tune have some merit:

To daunton me, to daunton me,
O ken ye what it is that'll daunton me?—
There's eighty eight and eighty nine,
And a' that I hae borne sinsyne,
There's cess and press and Presbytrie,
I think it will do meikle for to daunton me.

But to wanton me, to wanton me,
O ken ye what it is that wad wanton me?—
To see gude corn upon the rigs,
And banishment among the Whigs,
And right restored where right sud be,
I think it would do meikle for to wanton me.*

* A third verse runs thus:—

But to wanton me, to wanton me,
O ken ye what maist wad wanton me?
To see king James at Edinb'rough Cross,
Wi' fifty thousand foot and horse,
And the usurper fore'd to flee,
O this is that maist wad wanton me.

THE BONIE LASS MADE THE BED TO ME.

“THE Bonie Lass made the Bed to me,” was composed on an amour of Charles II. when sculking in the North, about Aberdeen, in the time of the usurpation. He formed une petite affaire with a daughter of the House of Port-letham, who was the lass that made the bed to him:—two verses of it are,

I kiss'd her lips sae rosy red,
 While the tear stood blinkin in her ee;
 I said my lassie dinna cry,
 For ye ay shall mak the bed to me.

She took her mither's winding sheet,
 And o't she made a sark to me;
 Blythe and merry may she be,
 The lass that made the bed to me.

When Januar wind was blawing cauld,
 As to the North I took my way,
 The mirksome night did me enfauld,
 I knew na where to lodge till day.

By my gude luck a maid I met,
 Just in the middle o' my care ;
 And kindly she did me invite
 To walk into a chamber fair.

I bow'd fu' low unto this maid,
 And thank'd her for her courtesie ;
 I bow'd fu' low unto this maid,
 And bad her mak a bed for me.

She made the bed baith large and wide,
 Wi' twa white hands she spread it down ;
 She put the cup to her rosy lips,
 And drank " Young man now sleep ye sound."

She snatch'd the candle in her hand,
 And frae my chamber went wi' speed ;
 But I call'd her quickly back again
 To lay some mair below my head.

A cod* she laid below my head,
 And served me wi' due respect ;
 And to salute her wi' a kiss,
 I pat my arms about her neck.

Haud aff your hands, young man, she says,
 And dinna sae uncivil be :
 Gif ye hae ony luv for me,
 O wrang nae my virginitie !

* A pillow.

Her hair was like the links o' gowd,
 Her teeth were like the ivorie ;
 Her cheeks like lilies dipt in wine,
 The lass that made the bed to me.

Her bosom was the driven snaw,
 Twa drifted heaps sae fair to see !
 Her limbs the polish'd marble stane,
 The lass that made the bed to me.

I kiss'd her o'er and o'er again,
 And ay she wist na what to say ;
 I laid her between me and the wa',
 The lassie thought na lang till day.

Upon the morrow when we raise,
 I thank'd her for her courtesie ;
 But ay she blush'd, and ay she sigh'd,
 And said, alas ! ye've ruin'd me.

I clasp'd her waist, and kiss'd her syne,
 While the tear stood twinklin in her ee ;
 I said, my lassie, dinna cry,
 For ye ay shall mak the bed to me.

She took her mither's holland sheets,
 And made them a' in sarks to me :
 Blythe and merry may she be,
 The lass that made the bed to me.

The bonie lassie made the bed to me,
 The braw lass made the bed to me :
 I'll ne'er forget till the day that I die,
 The lass that made the bed to me !

I HAD A HORSE AND I HAD NAE MAIR.

THIS story was founded on fact. A John Hunter, ancestor to a very respectable farming family who live in a place in the parish, I think, of Galston, called Barr-mill, was the luckless hero that had a horse and had nae mair.—For some little youthful follies he found it necessary to make a retreat to the West-Highlands, where he feed himself to a Highland Laird, for that is the expression of all the oral editions of the song I ever heard.—The present Mr. Hunter, who told me the anecdote, is the great grand-child to our hero.

I had a horse, and I had nae mair,
 I gat him frae my daddy ;
 My purse was light, and my heart was sair,
 But my wit it was fu' ready.

And sae I thought me on a time,
 Outwittens of my daddy,
 To fee mysel to a lawland laird,
 Wha had a bonny lady.

I wrote a letter, and thus began,
 " Madam, be not offended,
 I'm o'er the lugs in love wi' you,
 And care not tho' ye kend it:
 For I get little frae the laird,
 And far less frae my daddy,
 And I would blythely be the man
 Would strive to please my lady."

She read my letter, and she leugh,
 " Ye needna been sae blate, man;
 You might hae come to me yoursel,
 And tauld me o' your state, man:
 You might hae come to me yoursel,
 Outwittens o' ony body,
 And made *John Gowkston* of the laird,*
 And kiss'd his bonny lady."

* To make *John Gowkston* of a laird, is, I fear, an unintelligible phrase to a mere English reader: when he is told that the word Gowk is Scotch for *Cuckoo*, a very familiar association will supply him with the rest.—Ed.

Then she pat siller in my purse,
 We drank wine in a coggie;
 She feed a man to rub my horse,
 And wow! but I was vogie.
 But I gat ne'er sa sair a fleg,
 Since I came frae my daddy,
 The laird came, rap rap, to the yett,
 When I was wi' his lady.

Then she pat me below a chair,
 And happ'd me wi' a plaidie;
 But I was like to swarf wi' fear,
 And wish'd me wi' my daddy.
 The laird went out, he saw na me,
 I went when I was ready:
 I promis'd, but I ne'er gade back
 To kiss his bonny lady.

A ROSE-BUD BY MY EARLY WALK.

THIS song I composed on Miss Jenny Cruikshank, only child to my worthy friend Mr. Wm. Cruikshank, of the High-School, Edinburgh. The air is by a David Sillar, quondam Merchant, and

*now Schoolmaster in Irvine. He is the Davie to whom I address my printed poetical epistle in the measure of the Cherry and the Slæ.**

* *The Cherry and the Slæ* was written by Capt. Alexander Montgomery (See "The Evergreen," 1724). He died 1591. To the admirers of this Allegory the following excerpt from an unpublished work by the late Mr. Ritson will be interesting.

"That this Poem was written before 1584 is evident from its being repeatedly quoted by K. James VI. in his 'Rewlis and Cantells of Scottis Poesie,' printed in that year. Ramsay tells us, that his edition is taken from two curious old ones, the first printed by Robert Walgrave, the King's printer, in 1597, according to a copy corrected by the author himself; the other by Andro Hart, printed 1615, said on the title-page to be newly altered, perfyted, and divided into 114 quatuorzeims, not long before the author's death."

"The first of these editions, however, so far from having been corrected by the author, is both grossly inaccurate and manifestly surreptitious, not containing above half the Poem, and breaking off abruptly in the middle of a stanza. The other has not been met with, which is one reason why the entire Poem was not reprinted. Captain Montgomery was not, as is generally supposed, the inventor of this sort of stanza. He only imitated a more ancient piece, intituled, 'THE BANKS OF HELICON,' which is still extant; and the tune, to which both Poems appear to have been originally sung, is still known in Wales by the name of Glyn Helicon. The Allegory of this Poem (according to Dempster, who translated it into Latin) is the conflict of the Virtues and Vices, or the choice of a state in Youth."

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

THIS air was formerly called The Bridegroom greets when the sun gangs down. The words are by Lady Ann Lindsay.

When the sheep are in the fauld, and the ky at hame,
 And a' the warld to sleep are gane;
 The waes of my heart fa' in show'rs frae my ee,
 When my gudeman lyes sound by me.

Young Jamie loo'd me weel, and he sought me for
 his bride,
 But saving a crown he had naething beside;
 To make that crown a pound, my Jamie gade to sea,
 And the crown and the pound were baith for me.

He had nae been awa a week but only twa,
 When my mother she fell sick, and the cow was
 stown awa;
 My father brak his arm, and my Jamie at the sea,
 And auld Robin Gray came a courting me.

My father coudna work, and my mother coudna
 spin,
 I toil'd day and night, but their bread I coudna
 win;

Auld Rob maintain'd them baith, and wi' tears in
 his ee,
 Said, "*Jenny, for their sakes, O marry me.*"

My heart it said nay, I look'd for Jamie back,
 But the wind it blew high, and the ship it was a
 wrack;
 The ship it was a wrack, why didna Jenny die,
 And why do I live to say, waes me?

My father argued sair, tho' my mither didna speak,
 She look'd in my face till my heart was like to
 break;
 So they gi'ed him my hand, tho' my heart was in the
 sea,
 And auld Robin Gray is gudeman to me.

I hadna been a wife a week but only four,
 When sitting sae mournfully at the door,
 I saw my Jamie's wraith, for I coudna think it he,
 'Till he said, "*I'm come back for to marry thee.*"

O sair did we greet, and mickle did we say,
 We took but ae kiss, and we tore ourselves away,
 I wish I were dead! but I'm no like to die,
 And why do I live to say, waes me!

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena to spin,
 I darena think on Jamie, for that wad be a sin;
 But I'll do my best a gudewife to be,
 For auld Robin Gray is kind unto me.*

* Mr. Pinkerton, after observing that none of the "Scotch amatory ballads," as he remembers, "are written by ladies;" and that the "profligacy of manners which always reigns before women can so utterly forget all sense of decency and propriety as to commence authors, is yet almost unknown in Scotland," adds, in a note, that "there is, indeed, of very late years, one insignificant exception to this rule: *Auld Robin Gray*, having got his silly psalm set to soporific music, is, to the credit of our taste, popular for the day. But after lulling some good-natured audiences asleep, he will soon fall asleep himself." Little Ritson, with a becoming boldness and indignation at the author of these ungracious and ungallant remarks, steps forward with his accustomed Bantam-cock courage, and thus strikes at the hard forehead of Pinkerton. "Alas! this 'silly psalm' will continue to be sung, 'to the credit of our taste,' long after the author of this equally ridiculous and malignant paragraph shall be as completely forgotten as yesterday's Ephemeron, and his printed trash be only occasionally discernible at the bottom of a pye. Of the 24 Scottish Song-writers whose names are preserved, four, if not five, are females; and, as poetesses, two more might be added to the number."

At the time Mr. Pinkerton made this unmanly remark, he must have been aware that an examination of the characters of our principal female authors would have convinced him of its fallacy. Nor would he find many instances at the present day, to bear him out in it; and the spotless and honourable

UP AND WARN A' WILLIE.

The expression, "Up and warn a' Willie," alludes to the Crantara, or warning of a Highland Clan to arms. Not understanding this, the Lowlanders in the west and south say, "Up and waur them a," &c. This edition of the song I got from Tom Niel, of facetious fame, in Edinburgh.*

*Up and warn a', Willie,
Warn, warn a';
To hear my canty highland sang,
Relate the thing I saw, Willie.*

nourable names of Baillie, More, Edgeworth, Hamilton, &c. ought to shame him into the disavowal of a sentiment so malicious and unjust; a sentiment which gives an air of truth to what in the following extract would otherwise have appeared an hyperbole. It is addressed by a distinguished writer to a bookseller of eminence in Edinburgh.—"It is very true, my friend, that literary imposture is not entirely confined to *your* side of the Tweed:—but 'evil communications,' you know, 'corrupt good manners.' It is a curious fact, that the name of 'JOHN PINKERTON' should be found in the list of those orthodox antiquaries who have certified their belief in the authenticity of the Shakespeare papers. Was the fellow really taken in? or is it a point of honor in one forger to countenance another?"

* *Tom Neil* was a carpenter in Edinburgh, and lived chiefly by making coffins. He was also Precentor, or Clerk, in one of the churches. He had a good strong voice, and was greatly distinguished by his powers of mimicry, and his humorous manner of singing the old Scottish ballads.

When we gaed to the braes o' Mar,
 And to the wapon-shaw, Willie,
 Wi' true design to serve the king,
 And banish whigs awa, Willie.
 Up and warn a', Willie,
 Warn, warn a';
 For lords and lairds came there bedeen,
 And wow but they were braw, Willie.

But when the standard was set up,
 Right fierce the wind did blaw, Willie;
 The royal nit upon the tap
 Down to the ground did fa', Willie.
 Up and warn a', Willie,
 Warn, warn a';
 Then second-sighted Sandy said,
 We'd do nae gude at a', Willie.

But when the army join'd at Perth,
 The bravest e'er ye saw, Willie,
 We didna doubt the rogues to rout,
 Restore our king and a', Willie.
 Up and warn a', Willie,
 Warn, warn a';
 The pipers play'd frae right to left,
 O whirry whigs awa, Willie.

But when we march'd to Sherra-muir,
 And there the rebels saw, Willie,
 Brave Argyle attack'd our right,
 Our flank and front and a', Willie.
 Up and warn a', Willie,
 Warn, warn a' ;
 Traitor Huntly soon gave way,
 Seaforth, St. Clair and a', Willie
 But brave Glengary on our right,
 The rebels' left did claw, Willie ;
 He there the greatest slaughter made
 That ever Donald saw, Willie.
 Up and warn a', Willie,
 Warn, warn a' ;
 And Whittam s—t his breeks for fear,
 And fast did rin awa, Willie.
 For he ca'd us a Highland mob,
 And soon he'd slay us a', Willie,
 But we chas'd him back to Stirling brig,
 Dragoons and foot and a', Willie.
 Up and warn a', Willie,
 Warn, warn a' ;
 At length we rallied on a hill,
 And briskly up did draw, Willie.
 But when Argyle did view our line,
 And them in order saw, Willie,

He streight gaed to Dumblane again,
And back his left did draw, Willie.

Up and warn a', Willie,

Warn, warn a' ;

Then we to Auchteraider march'd,

To wait a better fa', Willie.

Now if ye spier wha wan the day,

I've tell'd you what I saw, Willie,

We baith did fight and baith did beat,

And baith did rin awa, Willie.

Up and warn a', Willie,

Warn, warn a' ;

For second-sighted Sandie said,

We'd do nae gude at a', Willie.*

KIRK WAD LET ME BE.

TRADITION, in the western parts of Scotland, tells, that this old song (of which there are still three stanzas extant) once saved a covenanting clergyman out of a scrape. It was a little prior to the revolution, a period when being a Scots covenanter was being a felon, that one of their clergy, who was at that very time hunted by the merciless soldiery, fell in, by accident, with a party of the military. The

* The copy of this song, inserted in Johnson's *Scots Musical Museum*, contains great variations.

soldiers were not exactly acquainted with the person of the reverend gentleman of whom they were in search; but, from some suspicious circumstances, they fancied that they had got one of that cloth and opprobrious persuasion among them in the person of this stranger. "Mass John," to extricate himself, assumed a freedom of manners, very unlike the gloomy strictness of his sect; and among other convivial exhibitions, sung, (and some traditions say, composed on the spur of the occasion) Kirk wad let me be,* with such effect, that the soldiers swore he was a d——d honest fellow, and that it was impossible he could belong to those hellish conventicles; and so gave him his liberty.

The first stanza of this song, a little altered, is a favorite kind of dramatic interlude acted at country weddings, in the south-west parts of the kingdom. A young fellow is dressed up like an old beggar; a peruke, commonly made of carded tow,

* I am a poor silly auld man,
And hirpling o'er a tree,
Zet fain, fain kiss wad I,
Gin the kirk wad let me be.

Gin a' my duds were aff
And a' hale claes on,
O I could kiss a zounge lass
As weel as can ony man."

represents hoary locks; an old bonnet; a ragged plaid, or surtout, bound with a straw-rope for a girdle; a pair of old shoes, with straw-ropes twisted round his ancles, as is done by shepherds in snowy weather: his face they disguise as like wretched old age as they can: in this plight he is brought into the wedding-house, frequently to the astonishment of strangers who are not in the secret, and begins to sing—

*“ O, I am a silly old man,
My name it is auld Glenae, ”* &c.*

He is asked to drink, and by and by to dance, which, after some uncouth excuses, he is prevailed on to do, the fiddler playing the tune, which here is commonly called “Auld Glenae;” in short, he is all the time so plied with liquor that he is understood to get intoxicated, and with all the ridiculous gesticulations of an old drunken beggar, he dances and staggers until he falls on the floor; yet still in all his riot, nay in his rolling and tumbling on the floor, with some or other drunken motion of his

* Glenae, on the small river Ae, in Annandale; the seat and designation of an ancient branch, and the present representative, of the gallant but unfortunate *Dalziels* of *Carmuath*.—(The Author's note.)

body, he beats time to the music, till at last he is supposed to be carried out dead drunk.

THE BLYTHSOME BRIDAL.

I FIND the Blythsome Bridal in James Watson's Collection of Scots Poems, printed at Edinburgh, in 1706.

This song has humour and a felicity of expression worthy of Ramsay, with even more than his wonted broadness and sprightly language. The Witty Catalogue of Names, with their Historical Epithets, are done in the true Lowland Scottish taste of an age ago, when every householder was nicknamed either from some prominent part of his character, person, or lands and housen, which he rented. Thus—"Scape-fitted Rob." "Thrawn-mou'd Rab o' the Dubs." "Roarin Jock i' the Swair." "Slaverin' Simmie o' Todshaw." "Souple Kate o' Irongray," &c. &c.

Fy let us all to the bridal,
 For there will be liting there;
 For Jockie's to be marry'd to Maggie,
 The lass wi' the gauden hair.

And there will be lang-kail and pottage,
 And bannocks of barley-meal,
 And there will be good sawt herring,
 To relish a kog of good ale.

*Fy let us all to the bridal,
 For there will be liltin' there,
 For Jockie's to be marry'd to Maggie,
 The lass with the gauden hair.*

And there will be Sandie the sutor,
 And 'Will' with the meikle mow;
 And there will be Tam the 'bluter,'
 With Andrew the tinkler, I trow.
 And there will be bow-legged Robbie,
 With thumbless Katie's goodman;
 And there will be blue-cheeked Dowbie,
 And Lawrie the laird of the land.

Fy let us all, &c.

And there will be sow-libber Patie,
 And plouckie-fac'd Wat i' the mill,
 Capper-nos'd Francie, and Gibbie,
 That wons in the how of the hill;
 And there will be Alaster Sibbie,
 Wha in with black Bessy did mool,
 With sneevling Lillie, and Tibbie,
 The lass that stands aft on the stool.

Fy let us all, &c.

And Madge that was buckled to Steenie,
 And coft him [grey] breeks to his arse,
 ' Wha after was' hangit for stealing,
 Great mercy it happened na warse :
 And there will be gleed Geordie Janners,
 And Kirsh wi' the lily-white leg,
 Wha 'gade' to the south for manners,

*

Fy let us all, &c.

And there will be Judan Maclawrie,
 And blinkin daft Barbra ' Macleg.'
 Wi' flae-lugged, sharny-fac'd Lawrie,
 And shangy-mou'd halucket Meg.

* The line omitted describes in a humorous but most gross manner a *misfortune*, the consequence of fashionable schooling, that happened to poor "Kirsh wi' the lily-white leg." The conduct of this polished lady is a well-timed satire on the prevalence of Southern refinement over "old use and wont." The modern way of educating country girls is seldom attended with more delicate effects. Pushed into the effeminate and seductive scenes of a ladies' boarding-school, their rustic uncouthness is tinged with politer dress and politer language. They are called home by their parents ere the loose chaff of vulgarity be winnowed from them, and are but like a statue half relieved from the quarry block. They are a kind of awkward, mulish non-descript. Their half-formed notions of refinement unfit them for the useful homely drudgery of a rustic life, and in their clumsy

And there will be happier-ars'd Nansy,
 And fairy-fac'd Flowrie be name,
 Muck Madie, and fat-hippit Lizie,
 The lass with the gauden wame.
Fy let us all, &c.

And there will be girn-again Gibbie,
 With his glakit wife Jennie Bell,
 And misle-shinn'd Mungo Macapie,
 The lad that was skipper himsel.
 There lads and lasses in pearlins
 Will feast in the heart of the ha',
 On sybows, and ryfarts, and carlings,
 That are baith sodden and raw.
Fy let us all, &c.

And there will be fadges and brachen,
 With fouth of good gappoks of skate,
 Pow-sodie, and drammock, and crowdie,
 And callour nout-feet in a plate ;

clumsy attempts at gentility, they are as ridiculous as the ass imitating the spaniel in the fable : So that their "*ganging to the South for manners*," and "*supping boarding-school brose*," have become proverbial among the reflecting peasantry of Scotland, for laxity of morals, and *Repentance-stool* qualifications.—*Ed.*

And there will be partans and buckies,
 Speldens and whytens enew,
 And singed sheep-heads, and a haggize,
 And scadlips to sup till ye spew.
Fy let us all, &c.

And there will be lapper'd-milk kebbucks,
 And sowens, and farles, and baps,
 With swats, and well-scraped paunches,
 And brandie in stoups and in caps;
 And there will be meal-kail and castocks,
 With skink to sup till ye rive;
 And rosts to rost on a brander,
 Of flouks that were taken alive,
Fy let us all, &c.

Scrypt haddocks, wilks, dilse, and tangles,
 And a mill of good snishing to prie;
 When weary with eating and drinking,
 We'll rise up and dance till we die.
Then fy let us all to the bridal,
For there will be liting there;
For Jockie's to be marry'd to Maggie,
The lass with the gauden hair,

O CAN YE LABOUR LEA, YOUNG MAN.

THIS song has long been known among the inhabitants of Nithsdale and Galloway, where it is a great favourite. The first verse should be restored to its original state.

I feed a lad at Roodsmass,
 Wi' siller pennies three ;
 When he came home at Martinmass,
 He could nae labour lea.
 O canna ye labour lea, young lad,
 O canna ye labour lea ?
 Indeed, quo' he, my hand's out—
 An' up his graith packed he.

This old way is the truest, for the terms, Roodmass is the hiring fair, and Hallowmass the first of the half year.

I feed a man at Martinmass,
 Wi' airle-pennies three ;
 But a' the faute I had to him,
 He could na labor lea.

*O can ye labor lea, young man,
 O can ye labor lea?
 Gae back the gate ye came again,
 Ye'se never scorn me.*

*O clappin's gude in Febarwar,
 An' kissins sweet in May;
 But what signifies a young man's love
 An't dinna last for ay.
 O can ye, &c.*

*O kissin is the key o' luv,
 An' clappin is the lock,
 An' makin-of's the best thing
 That e'er a young thing got.
 O can ye, &c.*

WHEN I UPON THY BOSOM LEAN.

Tune—SCOTS RECLUSE.

THIS song was the work of a very worthy, facetious old fellow, John Lapraik, late of Dalfram, near Muirkirk; which little property he was obliged to sell in consequence of some connexion as security for some persons concerned in that villainous bubble, *THE AYR BANK*. He has often told me that he composed this song one day when his wife had been fretting o'er their misfortunes.*

When I upon thy bosom lean,
 And fondly clasp thee a' my ain,
 I glory in the sacred ties
 That made us ane, wha ance were twain :

* This is the very song "that some kind husband had addrest to some sweet wife," alluded to with such exquisite delicacy in Burns's *Epistle to J. Lapraik*.

"There was æ sang amang the rest,
 Aboon them a' it pleas'd me best,
 That some kind husband had addrest
 To some sweet wife :
 It thrill'd the heart-strings thro' the breast,
 A' to the life."

A mutual flame inspires us baith,
 The tender look, the melting kiss :
 Even years shall ne'er destroy our love,
 But only gie us change o' bliss.

Hae I a wish ? its a' for thee ;
 I ken thy wish is me to please ;
 Our moments pass sae smooth away,
 That numbers on us look and gaze,
 Weel pleas'd they see our happy days,
 Nor envy's sel finds aught to blame ;
 And ay when weary cares arise,
 Thy bosom still shall be my hame.

I'll lay me there, and take my rest,
 And if that aught disturb my dear,
 I'll bid her laugh her cares away,
 And beg her not to drap a tear :
 Hae I a joy ! its a' her ain ;
 United still her heart and mine ;
 They're like the woodbine round the tree,
 That's twin'd till death shall them disjoin.

MY HARRY WAS A GALLANT GAY.

Tune—HIGHLANDER'S LAMENT.

THE oldest title I ever heard to this air was, The Highland Watch's Farewel to Ireland. The chorus I picked up from an old woman in Dunblane; the rest of the song is mine.

My Harry was a gallant gay,
 Fu' stately strade he on the plain;
 But now he's banish'd far away,
 I'll never see him back again.
 O for him back again,
 O for him back again,
I wad gie a Knockhaspie's land,
For Highland Harry back again.

When a' the lave gae to their bed,
 I wander dowie up the glen;
 I set me down and greet my fill,
 And ay I wish him back again.
 O for him, &c.

O were some villains hangit high,
 And ilka body had their ain!

Then I might see the joyfu' sight,
 My Highlan' Harry back again!
O for him, &c.

BEWARE O' BONIE ANN.

I COMPOSED this song out of compliment to Miss Ann Masterton, the daughter of my friend, Allan Masterton, the author of the air of Strathallan's Lament, and two or three others in this work.

Ye gallants bright I red ye right,
 Beware o' bonie Ann;
 Her comely face sae fu' o' grace,
 Your heart she will trepan.
 Her een sae bright, like stars by night,
 Her skin is like the swan;
 Sae jimply lac'd her genty waist,
 That sweetly ye might span.
 Youth, grace, and love, attendant move,
 And pleasure leads the van:
 In a' their charms, and conquering arms,
 They wait on bonie Ann.

The captive bands may chain the hands,
 But love enslaves the man;
 Ye gallants braw, I red you a',
 Beware o' bonie Ann.

THE HIGHLAND CHARACTER.

*THIS tune was the composition of Gen. Reid, and called by him The Highland, or 42d Regiment's March. The words are by Sir Harry Ers-
 kine.*

In the garb of old Gaul, wi' the fire of old Rome,
 From the heath-cover'd mountains of Scotia we come,
 Where the Romans endeavour'd our country to gain,
 But our ancestors fought, and they fought not in vain.

*Such our love of liberty, our country, and our
 laws,*

*That like our ancestors of old, we stand by
 Freedom's cause;*

*We'll bravely fight like heroes bold, for honour
 and applause,*

*And defy the French, with all their art, to
 alter our laws.*

No effeminate customs our sinews unbrace,
No luxurious tables enervate our race,
Our loud-sounding pipe bears the true martial strain,
So do we the old Scottish valour retain.

Such our love, &c.

We're tall as the oak on the mount of the vale,
As swift as the roe which the hound doth assail,
As the full-moon in autumn our shields do appear,
Minerva would dread to encounter our spear.

Such our love, &c.

As a storm in the ocean when Boreas blows,
So are we enrag'd when we rush on our foes;
We sons of the mountains, tremendous as rocks,
Dash the force of our foes with our thundering
strokes.

Such our love, &c.

Quebec and Cape Breton, the pride of old France,
In their troops fondly boasted till we did advance ;
But when our claymores they saw us produce,
Their courage did fail, and they sued for a truce.

Such our love, &c.

In our realm may the fury of faction long cease,
May our councils be wise, and our commerce in-
crease ;

And in Scotia's cold climate may each of us find,
That our friends still prove true, and our beauties
prove kind.

*Then we'll defend our liberty, our country, and
our laws,*

*And teach our late posterity to fight in Free-
dom's cause,*

That they like our ancestors bold, &c.

THE TAILOR FELL THRO' THE BED, THIMBLE
AN' A'.

*THIS air is the march of the Corporation of
Tailors.* The second and fourth stanzas are
mine.*

* Probably alluding to the custom of the Incorporations of the Royal Boroughs, in Scotland, perambulating annually the boundaries of their property.—*Ed.*

LEADER HAUGHS AND YARROW.

THERE is in several collections, the old song of Leader Haughs and Yarrow. It seems to have been the work of one of our itinerant minstrels, as he calls himself, at the conclusion of his song, Minstrel Burn.

When *Phæbus* bright, the azure skies
 With golden rays enlight'neth,
 He makes all Nature's beauties rise,
 Herbs, trees, and flow'rs he quick'neth :
 Amongst all those he makes his choice,
 And with delight goes thorough,
 With radiant beams and silver streams
 O'er *Leader-Haughs* and *Yarrow*.

When *Aries* the day and night
 In equal length divideth,
 Auld frosty *Saturn* takes his flight,
 Nae langer he abideth ;
 Then *Flora* Queen, with mantle green,
 Casts aff her former sorrow,
 And vows to dwell with *Ceres'* sell,
 In *Leader-Haughs* and *Yarrow*.

Pan playing on his aiten reed,
 And shepherds him attending,
 Do here resort their flocks to feed,
 The hills and haughs commending.
 With cur and kent upon the bent,
 Sing to the sun, good-morrow,
 And swear nae fields mair pleasure yields
 Than *Leader-Haughs* and *Yarrow*.

An house there stands on *Leaderside*,
 Surmounting my describing,
 With rooms sae rare, and windows fair,
 Like *Dedalus'* contriving;
 Men passing by, do aften cry,
 In sooth it hath nae marrow;
 It stands as sweat on *Leaderside*,
 As *Newark* does on *Yarrow*.

A mile below wha lists to ride,
 They'll hear the mavis singing;
 Into *St. Leonard's* banks she'll bide,
 Sweet birks her head o'erhinging;
 The lintwhite loud and *Progne* proud,
 With tuneful throats and narrow,
 Into *St. Leonard's* banks they sing
 As sweetly as in *Yarrow*.

The lapwing lilteth o'er the lee,
 With nimble wing she sporteth ;
 But vows she'll flee far frae the tree
 Where *Philomel* resorteth :
 By break of day the lark can say,
 I'll bid you a good-morrow,
 I'll streek my wing, and mounting, sing
 O'er *Leader-Haugh*s and *Yarrow*.

Park, *Wanton-waws*, and *Wooden-cleugh*,
 The East and Western *Maines*,
 The wood of *Lauder's* fair enough,
 The corns are good in *Blainshes* ;
 Where aits are fine, and sold by kind,
 That if ye search all thorow
Mearns, *Buchan*, *Mar*, nane better are
 Than *Leader-Haugh*s and *Yarrow*.

In *Burmill Bog*, and *Whiteslade Shaws*,
 The fearful hare she haunteth ;
Brig-haugh and *Braidwoodshiel* she knaws,
 And *Chapel-wood* frequenteth ;
 Yet when she irks, to *Kaidslly birks*
 She rins, and sighs for sorrow,
 That she should leave sweet *Leader-Haugh*s,
 And cannot win to *Yarrow*.

What sweeter music wad ye hear,
 Than hounds and beigles crying?
 The started hare rins hard with fear,
 Upon her speed relying:
 But yet her strength it fails at length,
 Nae bielding can she borrow
 In *Sorrel's* field, *Cleckman*, or *Hag's*,
 And sighs to be in *Yarrow*.

For *Rockwood*, *Ringwood*, *Spoty*, *Shag*,
 With sight, and scent pursue her,
 Till, ah! her pith begins to flag,
 Nae cunning can rescue her:
 O'er dub and dyke, o'er seugh and syke,
 She'll rin the fields all thorow,
 Till fail'd, she fa's in *Leader-Haugh*s,
 And bids farewel to *Yarrow*.

Sing *Erslington* and *Cowdenknows*,
 Where *Homes* had anes commanding;
 And *Drygrange* with the milk-white ewes,
 'Twixt *Tweed* and *Leader* standing;
 The birds that flee throw *Reedpath* trees,
 And *Gledswood* banks ilk morrow,
 May chant and sing—Sweet *Leader-Haugh*s,
 And bonny howms of *Yarrow*.

But Minstrel *Burn* cannot assuage
 His grief, while life endureth,
 To see the changes of this age,
 That fleeting time procureth :
 For mony a place stands in hard case,
 Where blyth fowk kend nae sorrow,
 With *Homes* that dwelt on *Leaderside*,
 And *Scots* that dwelt on *Yarrow*.

WOO'D AND MARRIED AND A'.

*THE following is a new set, by Mrs. Scott, of
 Dunbartonshire.*

The grass had nae freedom o' growing,
 As lang as she was nae awa ;
 Nor in the town could there be stowin,
 For wooers that wanted to ca :
 Sic boxin, sic brawlin, sic dancin,
 Sic bowin and shakin a paw ;
 The town was for ever in brulzies,
 But now the lassie's awa.

*Woo'd and married and a',
 Married and woo'd and awa ;
 The dandelie toast o' the parish,
 She's woo'd and she's carried awa.*

But had he a ken'd her as I did,
 His wooin it wad hae been sma ;
 She kens neither bakin nor brewin,
 Nor cardin nor spinnin ava :
 But a' her skill lies in her buskin,
 And O, if her braws were awa,
 She soon wad wear out o' the fashion,
 And knit up her huggers wi' straw.
Woo'd and married, &c.

But yesterday I gaed to see her,
 And O she was bonie and braw ;
 She cried on her gudeman to gie her
 An ell o' red ribban or twa :
 He took and he set down beside her
 A wheel and a reel for to ca',
 She cried, " was he that way to guide her,"
 And out at the door and awa.
Woo'd and married, &c.

The first road she gaed was her mither,
 Wha said, " Lassie, how gaes a' ?"

Quo' she, " Was it for nae ither
 That I was married awa,
 But to be set down to a wheelie,
 An' at it for ever to ca' ?
 An syne to hae't reel'd by a chielie,
 That's everly crying to draw ?"
Woo'd and married, &c.

Her mither said till her—" Hech ! lassie,
 He's wisest I fear o' the twa ;
 There'll be little to put in the tassie,
 Gif ye be sae backward to draw ;
 For now ye should work like a tyger,
 An' at it baith wallop and ca',
 Sae lang's ye hae youdith an' vigour,
 An' weanies and debt kept awa.
Woo'd and married, &c.

" Sae, swith ! away hame to your haddin,
 The mair fool that ye e'er came awa,
 Ye manna be ilka day gaddin',
 Nor gang sae white-finger'd and braw ;
 For now wi' a neebor ye're yokit,
 An' wi' him should cannily draw ;
 Or else ye deserve to be knockit,
 So that's an answer for a'."
Woo'd and married, &c.

Young luckie thus fand hersel' mither'd,
 And wish'd she had ne'er come awa;
 At length wi' hersel' she consider'd
 That hameward 'twas better to draw,
 An' e'en tak her chance o' the landing,
 However that matters might fa',
 Folks mauna on freets aye be standing,
 That's woo'd and married and a'.

*Woo'd and married an' a',
 Married an' woo'd an' awa,
 The dandilly toast o' the parish,
 She's woo'd and she's carried awa'.*

WOO'D AND MARRIED AND A',

*Woo'd and married and a',
 Woo'd and married and a',
 Was she not very weel aff,
 Was woo'd and married and a'!*

The bride came out o' the byre,
 And O as she dighted her cheeks,
 "Sirs, I'm to be married the night,
 And has nouthier blanket nor sheets;

Has nouthers blankets nor sheets,
 Nor scarce a coverlet too ;
 The bride that has a' to borrow,
 Has e'en right meikle ado."

Woo'd and married, &c.

Out spake the bride's father,
 As he came in frae the pleugh,
 " O had yere tongue, my daughter,
 And yese get gear enough ;
 The stirk that stands i' the tether,
 And our bra' basin'd yade,
 Will carry ye hame yere corn ;
 What wad ye be at ye jade ?"

Woo'd and married, &c.

Outspake the bride's mither,
 " What deil needs a' this pride ?
 I had nae a plack in my pouch
 That night I was a bride ;
 My gown was linsy-woolsy,
 And ne'er a sark ava,
 And ye hae ribbons and buskins
 Mair than ane or twa.

Woo'd and married, &c.

“ What’s the matter ? ” quo’ Willie,

“ Tho’ we be scant o’ claiths,
We’ll creep the nearer thegither,
And we’ll smoor a’ the fleas ;

Simmer is coming on,

And we’ll get teats o’ woo ;
And we’ll get a lass o’ our ain,
And she’ll spin claiths anew.”

Woo’d and married, &c.

Outspake the bride’s brither,

As he came in wi’ the kye,

“ Puir Willie had ne’er hae ta’en ye,

Had he kent ye as weel as I ;

For you’re baith proud and saucy,

And no for a puir man’s wife,

Gin I canna get a better,

I’se never take ane i’ my life.”

Woo’d and married, &c.

Outspake the bride’s sister,

As she came in frae the byre,

“ O gin I were but married,

It’s a’ that desire ;

But we puir folk maun live single,
 And do the best we can ;
 I dinna care what I should want,
 If I could but get a man."

*Woo'd and married and a',
 Woo'd and married and a',
 Was she not very weel aff,
 Was woo'd and married a'.*

MUIRLAND WILLIE.

*THIS lightsome ballad gives a particular drawing of those ruthless times "whan thieves were rife," and the lads went a wooing in their warlike habiliments, not knowing whether they would tilt with lips or lances. Willie's durk and pistols were buckled on for this uncertain encounter, and not for garnishing and adorning his person.**

* Though such iron-mitten'd handling now looks rude and familiar to the fashionable eye, yet we may deem ourselves the descendants of such lusty lovers ; and that our great great grandmothers were touzled by fingers perhaps as rude as the sheep-smearing hands of good Muirland Willie. The worthy old cottars

MUIRLAND WILLIE.

Hearken, and I will tell you how
 Young Muirland *Willie* came to woo,
 Tho' he could neither say nor do;
 The truth I tell to you.
 But ay he crys, whate'er betide,
Maggy, I'se ha'e her to be my bride,
With a fal, dal, &c.

tars gloried in seeing a well-dressed wooer, half smothered in cloth of home manufacture.

Such were the ideas of a blythe old soul who lived at the Isle, in the holms of Nithsdale, when a weaver lad had stilted the Nith, to court his daughter.—“He's weel arrayed, hear ye me, dame; he's weel arrayed—he has twa tap coats, and a plaid on!”

Such a dowry as Willie's bride got was a dowry of some value in those moneyless times. Here is a fragment of a curious marriage portion which was bestowed on a Nithsdale bride about a century ago.

“Twa rigs o' run rig land—twa kye, wi' sax Ewes and
 “their lambs, *auld stock o' Tinwald*. A tumbler car*—a
 “single naig harrow, wi' iron fore teeth—a Plow, wi' a
 “its graithings—Twa coils o' hair tether, wi' twa widdie
 “Creels, and * * * *. By and attour sixty merks for
 “House plenishing—The calfskin covered Bible, black
 “prent o' the Persecution!” 1728, or 9.

* A sledge, or hurdle, with two small wheels, drawn by a single horse, used in those mountainous parts of the country where carts cannot pass.

On his gray yade as he did ride,
 With durk and pistol by his side,
 He prick'd her on wi' meikle pride,
 Wi' meikle mirth and glee.
 Out o'er yon moss, out o'er yon muir,
 Till he came to her dady's door,
 With a fal, dal, &c.

Goodman, quoth he, be ye within,
 I'm come your doghter's love to win,
 I care no for making meikle din;
 What answer gi' ye me?
 Now, wooer, quoth he, wou'd ye light down,
 I'll gie ye my doghter's love to win,
 With a fal, dal, &c.

Now, wooer, sin ye are lighted down,
 Where do ye win, or in what town?
 I think my doghter winna gloom
 On sic a lad as ye.
 The wooer he step'd up the house,
 And wow! but he was wond'rous crouse,
 With a fal, dal, &c.

I have three owsen in a plough,
 Twa good ga'en yads, and gear enough,
 The place they ca' it *Cadeneugh*;
 I scorn to tell a lie:

Besides, I had frae the great laird,
 A peat-pat, and a lang kail-yard,
With a fal, dal, &c.

The maid put on her kirtle brown,
 She was the brawest in a' the town ;
 I wat on him she did na gloom,
 But blinkit bonnilie.
 The lover he stended up in haste,
 And gript her hard about the waste,
With a fal, dal, &c.

To win your love, maid, I'm come here,
 I'm young, and hae enough o' gear ;
 And for my sell you need na fear,
 Troth try me whan ye like.
 He took aff his bonnet, and spat in his chew,
 He dighted his gab, and he pri'd her mou',
With a fal, dal, &c.

The maiden blusht and bing'd fu' law,
 She had na will to say him na,
 But to her dady she left it a'
 As they twa cou'd agree.
 The lover he gae her the tither kiss,
 Syne ran to her dady, and tell'd him this,
With a fal, dal, &c.

Your doghter wad na say me na,
 But to your sell she has left it a',
 As we cou'd gree between us twa;
 Say what'll ye gi' me wi' her?
 Now, wooer, quo' he, I ha'e na meikle,
 But sic's I ha'e ye's get a pickle,
 With a fal, dal, &c.

A kilnfu of corn I'll gi'e to thee,
 Three souns of sheep, twa good milk ky,
 Ye's ha'e the wadding dinner free;
 Troth I dow do na mair.
 Content, quo' he, a bargain be't,
 I'm far frae hame, make haste let's do't,
 With a fal, dal, &c.

The bridal day it came to pass,
 Wi' mony a blythsome lad and lass;
 But sicken a day there never was,
 Sic mirth was never seen.
 This winsome couple straked hands,
 Mess *John* ty'd up the marriage bands,
 With a fal, dal, &c.

And our bride's maidens were na few,
 Wi' tap-knots, lug-knots, a' in blew,
 Frae tap to tae they were braw new,
 And blinkit bonnilie.

Their toys and mutches were sae clean,
 They glanced in our ladses' een,
With a fal, dal, &c.

Sic hirdum, dirdum, and sic din,
 Wi' he o'er her, and she o'er him;
 The minstrels they did never blin,
 Wi' meikle mirth and glee.

* * *

With a fal, dal, &c.

THE SMILING PLAINS.

THESE elegant lines were written by poor Falconer, the author of The Shipwreck.*

The smiling plains profusely gay,
 Are dress'd in all the pride of May;
 The birds on ev'ry spray above
 To rapture wake the vocal grove.

* Of Falconer, Burns writes to Mrs. Dunlop, in the following exquisite strain of tenderness. "Falconer, the unfortunate author

But ah! Miranda, without thee,
 Nor spring nor summer smiles on me,
 All lonely in the secret shade,
 I mourn thy absence, charming maid!

author of the *Shipwreck*, that glorious Poem, is no more. After weathering that dreadful catastrophe he so feelingly describes in his Poem, and after weathering many hard gales of fortune, he went to the bottom with the *Aurora* frigate! I forget what part of Scotland had the honor of giving him birth; but he was the son of obscurity and misfortune. He was one of those daring adventurous spirits which old Caledonia, beyond any other nation, is remarkable for producing. Little does the fond mother think, as she hangs delighted over the sweet little leech at her bosom, where the poor fellow may hereafter wander, and what may be his fate. I remember a stanza in an old Scots ballad which, notwithstanding its rude simplicity, speaks feelingly to the heart—

Little did my mother think,
 That day she cradled me,
 What land I was to travel in,
 Or what death I should die!

In addition to these remarks it will be proper to add, that William Falconer was born in Edinburgh about the year 1730, where his father was a barber. William, at a very early age, went on board a Leith merchantman, in which he served an apprenticeship. In 1769 we find him purser of the *Aurora* frigate. This vessel sailed for India the same year, and was never more
 heard

O soft as love! as honour fair!
 Serenely sweet as vernal air!
 Come to my arms; for you alone
 Can all my absence past atone.
 O come! and to my bleeding heart
 The sov'reign balm of love impart;
 Thy presence lasting joy shall bring,
 And give the year eternal spring.

heard of. Various reports have arisen respecting the fate of the *Aurora*, which was last heard of at the Cape of Good Hope in December 1769; but the prevalent opinion is, that she took fire at sea in the night-time, and blew up. In his person, Falconer was of the middle size, sparely made, and with a dark weather-beaten countenance, marked by the small-pox. No remains of the family are now known to exist in Edinburgh. A sister, who was supposed to be the last surviving, died within these few years in a workhouse there.

Edinburgh Ed. of the Shipwreck, 1807.

THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

*A SUCCESSFUL imitation of an old song is really attended with less difficulty than to convince a block-head that one of these jeu d'esprits is a forgery. This fine ballad is even a more palpable imitation than Hardiknute. The manners indeed are old, but the language is of yesterday. Its author must very soon be discovered.**

I've heard a lilting†
At the ewes milking,

* This remark is strikingly correct. These stanzas were written by a lady of family, in Roxburghshire. (Vide "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, vol. iii. p. 125.) They are founded on the battle of Flodden, fought on the borders, in 1513, in which King James the fourth of Scotland was slain, and the flower of his Nobility destroyed, with a great slaughter of all ranks, by the English army, under the command of the Earl of Surry.

The subjoined illustrations of provincial terms are given from "The Bee," published in 1791, vol. i. p. 24. The English reader will find them very useful, and their accuracy may be relied on.

† A *lilting*, a cheerful kind of singing, alluding to a custom in Scotland, practised on all occasions where country people, especially women, are engaged in any kind of employment, the time of the song being a common measure to all their operations.

Lasses a' liling before the break o' day,
 But now I hear moaning
 On ilka green loaning,*
 Since our brave forresters† are a' wed away.

At buchts‡ in the morning
 Nae blythe lads are scorning ; §
 The lasses are lonely, dowie and wae:
 Nae daffin, nae gabbing,
 But sighing and sabbing,
 Ilk ane lifts her leglin, || and hies her away.

At e'en in the gloming
 Nae swankies** are roaming,

* *Loaning*, an opening between fields of corn, left uncultivated for the sake of driving cattle to the homestead from the distant parts of the farm.

† *Forresters*, a general name, poetically here assumed for the men of the country.

‡ *Buchts*, a small pen, usually put up in the corner of the sheep-fold into which the ewes were driven when they were to be milked.

§ *Scorning* is almost exclusively applied among the country people, to denote that kind of merriment occasioned by teasing a young girl about her lover.

|| *Leglin*, a kind of bucket, with one of the staves projecting above the rest as a handle.

** *Swankies*, a cant term for young lads, half-grown men.

'Mang stacks with the lasses at bogle to play,*
 For ilk ane sits drearie,
 Lamenting her dearie,
 The flow'rs o' the forest wh' are a' wed away.

In har'st at the shearing,
 Nae blythe lads are jeering,
 The Bansters† are lyart,‡ and runkled, and grey;
 At fairs nor at preaching,
 Nae wooing, nae fleeching,§
 Since our bra foresters are a' wed away.

* The diversion here alluded to is still a common amusement among young people in Scotland, and is called *bogle about the stacks*. To understand it, let the English reader be informed, that *there* it is customary to put up the corns in round ricks, called *stacks*, close together in a yard adjoining to the barn. The diversion consists in one person hunting several others among these *stacks*, and usually consists of as numerous a party as can be easily collected together. It is chiefly confined to very young boys and girls, for very obvious reasons, near towns; but in the country, it affords sometimes a very innocent and attractive amusement for the youth of both sexes, when farther advanced in life.

† *Bansters*, *Bandsters*, *i. e.* *Binders*, men who bind up the sheaves behind the reapers.

‡ *Lyart*, a term appropriated to denote a peculiarity which is often seen to affect aged persons, when some of the locks become grey sooner than others. Where the mixture of black and white hairs is pretty uniform, the hair is said to be *grey*.

§ *Fleeching* means nearly the same thing with *coaxing*; properly

O dule for the order !
 Sent our lads to the border !
 The English for anes, by guile wan the day:
 The flow'rs of the forest
 Wha aye shone the foremost,
 The prime of the land lie cauld in the clay.*

perly, it is a kind of earnestly intreating, with a desire to gain any one over to the purpose wanted, by artfully drawing them to form a good opinion of the *fleecher*. Fairs and public preachings in the fields, at that time beginning to be common in Scotland, were places of public resort, at which young persons of both sexes had occasion to meet: and as these were often at a great distance from home, it gave the young men opportunities of performing obliging offices of gallantry to their mistresses, which was, no doubt, one cause of their being so well attended: They were as the balls and assemblies of the country belles and beaux.

* The last verse is a natural national apology for the defeat. The expression in the first line is common in Scotland, *Dule* (*proh dolor!*) signifies grief or sorrow, as if it were said, *Alas*, for the order!

THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

PART SECOND.

I've seen the smiling of fortune beguiling,
 I've tasted her favours, and felt her decay;
 Sweet is her blessing, and kind her caressing,
 But soon it is fled—it is fled far away.

I've seen the forest adorned of the foremost,
 With flowers of the fairest, both pleasant and gay:
 Full sweet was their blooming, their scent the air
 perfuming,
 But now they are wither'd, and a' wede awae.

I've seen the morning, with gold the hills adorning,
 And the red storm roaring, before the parting day;
 I've seen Tweed's silver streams, glittering in the
 sunny beams,
 Turn drumly* and dark, as they rolled on their
 way.

* *Drumly*, discoloured.

O fickle fortune ! why this cruel sporting ?

Why thus perplex us poor sons of a day ?

Thy frowns cannot fear me, thy smiles cannot cheer
me,

Since the flowers of the forest are a' wede awae.*

* These verses, " adapted to the ancient air of the *Flowers of the Forest*, are, like the *Elegy* which precedes them, the production of a lady. The late Mrs. Cockburn, daughter of Rutherford of Fairnalie, in Selkirkshire, and relict of Mr. Cockburn of Ormiston, was the authoress. Mrs. Cockburn has been dead but a few years. Even at an age, advanced beyond the usual bounds of humanity, she retained a play of imagination, and an activity of intellect, which was almost preternatural at her period of life. Her active benevolence, keeping pace with her genius, rendered her equally an object of love and admiration."

Border Minstrelsy, vol. iii. p. 130.

TIBBIE DUNBAR.

Tune—JOHNNY M'GILL.

THIS tune is said to be the composition of John M'Gill, fiddler, in Girvan. He called it after his own name.

O, wilt thou go wi' me, sweet Tibbie Dunbar ;
 O, wilt thou go wi' me, sweet Tibbie Dunbar ;
 Wilt thou ride on a horse, or be drawn in a car,
 Or walk by my side, O sweet Tibbie Dunbar ?

I carena thy daddie, his lands and his money,
 I carena thy kin, sae high and sae lordly :
 But say thou wilt hae me for better for waur,
 And come in thy coatie, sweet Tibbie Dunbar !

 GILL MORICE.*

THIS plaintive ballad ought to have been called Child Maurice, and not Gill Morice. In its pre-

* Gray, in one of his letters, thus remarks on *Child Maurice*:
 " I have got the old Scotch ballad on which Douglas was found-
 ed ;

sent dress, it has gained immortal honor from Mr. Home's taking from it the ground-work of his fine tragedy of Douglas. But I am of opinion that the present ballad is a modern composition; perhaps not much above the age of the middle of the last century; at least I should be glad to see or hear of a copy of the present words prior to 1650. That it was taken from an old ballad, called Child Maurice, now lost, I am inclined to believe; but the present one may be classed with Hardyknute, Kenneth, Duncan, the Laird of Woodhouseslie, Lord Livingston, The Death of Monteith, and many other modern productions, which have been swallowed by many readers, as antient fragments of old poems. This beautiful plaintive tune was composed by Mr. M'Gibbon, the selector of a collection of Scots tunes.

R. R.

ed; it is divine, and as long as from hence (Cambridge) to Aston. Have you never seen it? Aristotle's best rules are observed in it, in a manner that shews the author had never read Aristotle. It begins in the fifth act of the play: you may read it two-thirds through without guessing what it is about: and yet, when you come to the end, it is impossible not to understand the whole story. I send you the two first stanzas."

In addition to the observations on Gill Morris, I add, that of the songs which Capt. Riddel mentions, Kenneth and Duncan are juvenile compositions of Mr. Mackenzie, The Man of Feeling.—Mackenzie's father shewed them in MS. to Dr. Blacklock, as the productions of his son, from which the Doctor rightly prognosticated that the young poet would make in his more advanced years, a respectable figure in the world of letters.

This I had from Blacklock.

DUNCAN.

Saw ye the thane o' meikle pride,
Red anger in his ee?

I saw him not, nor care, he cry'd,
Red anger frights na me.

For I have stude whar honour bad,
Though death trod on his heel;
Mean is the crest that stoops to fear,
Nae sic may Duncan feel.

Hark! hark! or was it but the wind,
That through the ha' did sing;
Hark! hark! agen, a warlike sound,
The black woods round do ring.

'Tis na for naught, bauld Duncan cry'd,
 Sic shoutings on the wind :
 Syne up he started frae his seat,
 A thrang of spears behind.

Haste, haste, my valiant hearts, he said,
 Anes mair to follow me ;
 We'll meet yon shouters by the burn,
 I guess wha they may be.

But wha is he that speids fae fast,
 Frae the slaw marching thrang ?
 Sae frae the mirk cloud shoots a beam,
 The sky's blue face along.

Some messenger it is, mayhap,
 Then not at peace I trow.
 My master, Duncan, bade me rin,
 And say these words to you :

Restore again that blooming rose,
 Your rude hand pluckt awa' ;
 Restore again his Mary fair,
 Or you shall rue his fa'.

Three strides the gallant Duncan tuik,
 He struck his forward spear :
 Gae tell thy master, beardless youth,
 We are nae wont to fear.

He comes na on a wassail rout,
 Of revel, sport, and play ;
 Our swords gart Fame proclaim us men,
 Lang ere this ruefu' day.

The rose I pluckt o' right is mine,
 Our hearts together grew,
 Like twa sweet roses on ae stak,
 Frae hate to love she flew.

Swift as a winged shaft he sped ;
 Bald Duncan said in jeer,
 Gae tell thy master, beardless youth,
 We are nae wont to fear.

He comes na on a wassail rout,
 Of revels, sport, and play ;
 Our swords gart Fame proclaim us men,
 Lang ere this ruefu' day.

The rose I pluckt o' right is mine,
 Our hearts together grew ;
 Like twa sweet roses on ae stak,
 Frae hate to love they flew.

He stamp't his foot upo' the ground,
 And thus in wrath did say,
 God strike my saul, if frae this field,
 We baith in life shall gae !

He wav'd his hand : the pipers play'd,
 The targets clattered round ;
 And now between the meeting faes
 Was little space of ground.

But wha is she that rins sae fast ?
 Her feet nae stap they find ;
 Sae swiftly rides the milky cloud,
 Upo' the simmer's wind.

Her face a mantle screen'd afore,
 She show'd of lily hue ;
 Sae frae the grey mist breaks the sun,
 To drink the morning dew.

Alack ! my friends, what sight is this ?
 O, stap your rage ! she cry'd,
 Whar love with honey'd lips should be,
 Mak not a breach so wide.

Can then my uncle draw his sword,
 My husband's breast to bleed ?
 Or can my sweet Lord do to him
 Sic foul and ruthless deed ?

Bethink you, uncle, of the time,
 My gray-hair'd father died,
 Frae whar your shrill horn shuck the wood,
 He sent for you with speed.

My brother, guard my bairn, he said,
 She'll hae nae father soon,
 Regard her, Donald, as your ain,
 I'll ask nae other boon.

Would then my uncle force my love,
 Whar love it coudna be?
 Or wed me to the man I hate?
 Was this his care of me?

Can these brave men, who but of late
 Together chas'd the deer,
 Against their comrades bend their bows,
 In bluidy hunting here?

She spake, while trickling ran the tear
 Her blushing cheek alang;
 And silence, like a heavy cloud,
 O'er a' the warriors hang.

Syne stapt the red-hair'd Malcolm furth,
 Three-score his years and three;
 Yet a' the strength of youngest youth,
 In sic an eild had he.

Nae pity was there in his breast,
 For war alane he loo'd;
 His grey een spurkled at the sight,
 Of plunder, death, and bluid.

What! shall our hearts of steel, he said,
 Bend to a woman's sang?
 Or can her words our honour quit,
 For sic dishonest wrang?

For this did a' these warriors come,
 To hear an idle tale?
 And o'er our death-accustomed arms
 Shall silly tears prevail?

They gied a shout, their bows they tuik,
 They clash'd their steely swords;
 Like the loud waves of Barra's shore,
 There was nae room for words.

* * * * *

A cry the weeping Mary gied,
 O uncle hear my prayer;
 Heidna that man of bluidy look.—
 She had na time for mair.

For in the midst anon there came,
 A blind unweeting dart,
 That glanc'd frae aff her Duncan's targe,
 And strack her to the heart.

Awhile she staggar'd, syne she fell,
 And Duncan see'd her fa' ;
 Around he stood, for in his limbs
 There was nae power at a'.

The spear he meant at faes to fling,
 Stood fix'd within his hand ;
 His lips half open, cou'dna speak,
 His life was at a stand.

Sae the black stump of some auld aik,
 With arms in triumph dight,
 Seems to the traveller like a man,

* * * * *

KENNETH.

I weird, I weird, hard-hearted lord,
 Thy fa' shall soon be seen;
 Proud was the lily of the morn,
 The cald frost nipt or een:

Thou leughst in scorn when puir men weep'd,
 And strack the lowly down;
 Sae sall nae widow weep for thine,
 When a' their joys are flown.

This night ye drink the sparkly wine;
 I redd you drink your fill;
 The morrow's sun shall drink your bluid,
 Afore he reach the hill.

I see the snaw-maned horses ride,
 Their glitt'ring swords they draw;
 Their swords that shall nae glitter lang,
 Till Kenneth's pride shall fa'.

The black Dog youl'd; he saw the sight
 Nae man but I could see;

High* on fair Marg'ret's breast her sheet,
And deadly fix'd her ee :

Sae spake the seer ; wild in his een
His frightened spirit gaz'd :
Pale were his cheeks, and stiff his hair
Like boary bristles rais'd.

Loud, loud in Kenneth's lighted ha',
The sang of joy was heard ;
And mony a cup they fill'd again,
Afore the light appear'd.

“ War my son William now, but here,
He wad na fail the pledge”——
Wi' that in at the door there ran
A ghousty-looking page.

“ I saw them, Master, O ! I saw,
Beneath the thorney brae,
Of black-mail'd warriors mony a rank ;
Revenge ! he cried, and gae.”

* To persons unacquainted with the superstition of the Highlands, this may not be easily intelligible. There the seer is supposed to behold the figure of a person about to die, clothed in their winding-sheet ; and the higher it is on their bodies, the nearer their approaching dissolution.

The youth that bare Lord Kenneth's cup,
 The saft smile on his cheek,
 Frae his white hand let fa' the drink,
 Nor did the baldest speak.

Sae have I seen the gray-wing'd shaft
 That strak the noblest deer;
 Astounded, gaz'd the trembling herd,
 Nor could they flee for fear.

" Ride, ride, and bid Lord William come;
 His fathers sair beset."——

" It was Lord William's horse that neigh'd;
 I heard them bar the yate."

" Welcome, my valiant son," he said;
 Or should I welcome say,
 In sic an ill hour, when you come
 To meet thy father's fae?"

" Curs'd be that thought," bald William said;
 " My father's faes are mine;
 Lang has my breast frae Kenneth learn'd
 Sic baby fear to tine."

" O William! had we kent yestreen."——
 " Father, we ken it now;
 Let women tell what women wish."——
 Syne three shrill blasts he blew.

Fair Marg'ret lay on downy bed ;
 Yet was na sound her rest ;
 She waken'd wi' Lord William's horn,
 And down she came in haste.

" What mean you, Kenneth, by that blast?
 I wish my dreams bode guid ;
 Upon a bed of lilies fair
 I thought there rain'd red bluid.

My son ! my son ! may peace be there
 Whar noble William stands." ——
 " We are the lilies," answer'd he,
 May their bluid weit our hands."

" What means my William by sic words?
 Whase bluid would William spill ?
 I thought that horn had blawn in peace,
 That wak'd the night sae still."

She luik'd ; but nane durst answer make,
 Till gallant William said,
 " Aft has my mother bade us joy,
 When we to battail gade.

Again thy hands may work the plaid
 For him that fought the best ;
 Again may I hing up my targe
 Upon the pin to rest.

But William never liv'd to flee ;
 Nor did his mother hear
 A warrior cry on William's name,
 That was na found for fear.

And if we fa', my gallant friends,
 We shall na fa' alane ;
 Some honest hand shall write our deeds
 Upon the tallest stane."——

" Haste, Kenneth, haste; for in the field
 The fire-ey'd Walter rides;
 His men, that come sae thrang wi' haste,
 For slaw delay he chides."

" By Mary, we will meet him there,"
 The angry William cry'd ;
 Thy son will try this Lion-fae,
 And you with Margaret bide."

" No, on my faith, the sword of youth
 Thy father yet can wield ;
 If that I shrink frae fiercest faes,
 May babies mock my eild,"

Then forth they rush'd, afore the yate
 The warriors sallied out :
 Lord William smil'd upon their ranks ;
 They answer'd wi' a shout.

“ Gae rin, and say to Walter thus :
 What seek thae warriours here !
 Or why the din of fiery war
 Astounds the peaceful ear ?”

Swift ran the page. “ Thus Kenneth says,
 What seek thae warriours here ?
 Or why the din of fiery war
 Astounds the peaceful ear ?”

“ Gae tell thy master, frae this arm
 Mine answer will I gi’e ;
 Remind him of his tyrant deeds,
 And bid him answer me.

Wha was’t that slew my father dear ?
 That bar’d my castle wa’ ?
 Wha was’t that bade wild ruin bruid
 Whar pipes did glad the ha’ ?”

Nor half way had the message sped,
 When their tough bows they drew :
 But far attour the warriors heads
 The shafts for anger flew.

“ Sae ever shute Lord Kenneth’s faes,”
 The valiant William said ;
 Wi’ this I war nae wi’ the wind,”
 And drew his glittering blade,

Below the arrows' arch they rush'd
 Wi' mony a shout, sae fast :
 Beneath the rainbow the big clouds
 Sae drives the roaring blast.

Bald Walter sprang frae aff his steid,
 And drave him o'er the lee ;
 " Curs'd be the name of that base cow'rd
 That could but think to flee."

Firmly he set his manly foot,
 And firm his targe he bare ;
 Never may Walter greet his friends,
 If Kenneth's see him mair.

* * * * *

Multa desunt.

Fair Margaret wi' her maidens sat
 Within the painted wa' ;
 She started at ilk breath of wind
 That whistled through the ha'.

" Wha was't that gi'd yon cry below ?——
 Say, page, does ill betide ?"
 Kenneth and William baith are slain ;
 Mak haste, mak haste and ride."

Her maidens scriech'd : but any speech,
 Nor wail of wae, had she ;
 She bow'd her head, and sair she sigh'd,
 And cald Death clos'd her e'e.

THIS IS NO MINE AIN HOUSE.

THE first half stanza is old, the rest is Ramsay's.
The old words are—

O this is no mine ain house,
 My ain house, my ain house ;
 This is no mine ain house,
 I ken by the biggin o't.

There's bread and cheese are my door-cheeks
 Are my door-cheeks, are my door-cheeks ;
 There's bread and cheese are my door-cheeks ;
 And pan-cakes the riggin o't.

This is no my ain wean,
 My ain wean, my ain wean ;
 This is no my ain ween,
 I ken by the greetie o't.

I'll tak the curchie aff my head,
 Aff my head, aff my head;
 I'll tak the curchie aff my head,
 And row't about the feetie o't.

*The tune is an old Highland air, called Shuan
 truish willighan.*

LADDIE, LIE NEAR ME.

THIS song is by Blacklock.

THE GARDENER WI' HIS PAIDLE.*

*THIS air is the Gardeners' March. The title of
 the song only is old; the rest is mine.*

When rosy May comes in wi' flowers,
 To deck her gay, green-spreading bowers;
 Then busy, busy are his hours,
 The gard'ner wi' his paidle.

* This is the original of the song that appears in Dr. Currie's
 ed. vol. iv. p. 103; it is there called *Dainty Davie*.

The chrystal waters gently fa';
 The merry birds are lovers a';
 The scented breezes round him blaw,
 The gard'ner wi' his paidle.

When purple morning starts the hare
 To steal upon her early fare;
 Then thro' the dews he maun repair,
 The gard'ner wi' his paidle.

When day expiring in the west,
 The curtain draws of nature's rest;
 He flies to her arms he lo'es best,
 The gard'ner wi' his paidle.

THE DAY RETURNS, MY BOSOM BURNS.

Tune—SEVENTH OF NOVEMBER.

I COMPOSED this song out of compliment to one of the happiest and worthiest married couples in the world, Robert Riddell, Esq. of Glenriddel, and his lady. At their fire-side I have enjoyed more plea-*

* When the Editor visited Friar's Carse Hermitage (on the late Mr. Riddell's estate) so much celebrated by Burns, he was greatly

sant evenings than at all the houses of fashionable people in this country put together; and to their kindness and hospitality I am indebted for many of the happiest hours of my life.

The day returns, my bosom burns,
 The blissful day we twa did meet,
 Tho' winter wild in tempest toil'd,
 Ne'er summer sun was half sae sweet.
 Than a' the pride that loads the tide,
 And crosses o'er the sultry line;
 Than kingly robes, than crowns and globes,
 Heav'n gave me more, it made me thine.

greatly shocked to find this little spot, that ought to have been held sacred, almost gone to decay. The pane of glass on which the Poet had written his well-known "Lines" was removed; the floor was covered with straw; the door thrown open; and the trees that had been planted at the entrance to this interesting place, were broken down and destroyed by cattle.

Such was the late proprietor, Capt. Smith's neglect of a spot on the window of which ROBERT BURNS had traced, with his own hand (which still remains), this tender tribute to the memory of a departed Friend.

" To Riddell, much lamented man!
 This ivied cot was dear;
 Wanderer, dost value matchless worth?
 This ivied cot revere!"

How

While day and night can bring delight,
 Or nature aught of pleasure give ;
 While joys above, my mind can move,
 For thee, and thee alone, I live !
 When that grim foe of life below,
 Comes in between to make us part,
 The iron hand that breaks our band,
 It breaks my bliss—it breaks my heart !

How different the *reverence* of a poor old woman cottager, living in a wretched hut, in the immediate neighbourhood of Ellisland. On being asked if she kenn'd Burns? "Kend him! Aye did I! He was a graat man for pomms, and makin o' beuks, an' the like o' that; *but he's deed now, puir man!*"

THE GABERLUNZIE-MAN.*

THE Gaberlunzie-Man is supposed to commemorate an intrigue of James the Vth. Mr. Callander of Craigforth, published some years ago, an edition of Christ's Kirk on the Green, and the Gaberlunzie-Man, with notes critical and historical. James the Vth is said to have been fond of Gosford, in Aberlady Parish, and that it was suspected by his contemporaries, that in his frequent excursions to that part of the country he had other purposes in view besides golfing and archery. Three favourite ladies, Sandylands, Weir, and Oliphant; (one of them resided at Gosford, and the others in the neighbourhood,) were occasionally visited by their royal and gallant admirer, which gave rise to the following satirical advice to his Majesty, from Sir David Lindsay, of the Mount, Lord Lyon.†

Sow not your seed on *Sandylands*,
Spend not your strength in *Weir*,
And ride not on an *Elephant*,
For spoiling o' your gear.

* A wallet-man or tinker, who appears to have been formerly a jack-of-all-trades.

† Sir David was *Lion King-at-Arms*, under James V.

The pawky auld carle came o'er the lee,
 Wi' many good e'ens and days to me,
 Saying, Goodwife, for your courtesie,
 Will ye lodge a silly poor man!
 The night was cauld, the carle was wat,
 And down ayont the ingle he sat;
 My daughter's shoulders he 'gan to clap,
 And cadgily ranted and sang.

O wow! quo' he, were I as free,
 As first when I saw this country,
 How blyth and merry wad I be!
 And I wad never think lang.
 He grew canty, and she grew fain;
 But little did her auld minny ken
 What thir sleet twa together were say'n,
 When wooing they were sae thrang.

And O! quo' he, ann ye were as black
 As e'er the crown of my dady's hat,
 'Tis I wad lay thee by my back,
 And awa' wi' me thou shou'd gang.
 And O! quo' she, ann I were as white,
 As e'er the snaw lay on the dike,
 I'd clead me braw, and lady like,
 And awa' with thee I'd gang.

Between the twa was made a plot ;
 They raise awee before the cock,
 And wilily they shot the lock,
 And fast to the bent are they gane.
 Up the morn the auld wife raise,
 And at her leisure pat on her claise ;
 Syne to the servant's bed she gaes,
 To speer for the silly poor man.

She gaed to the bed where the beggar lay,
 The strae was cauld, he was away,
 She clapt her hand, cry'd Waladay,
 For some of our gear will be gane.
 Some ran to coffers, and some to kists,
 But nought was stown that cou'd be mist,
 She danc'd her lane, cry'd, Praise be blest,
 I have lodg'd a leal poor man.

Since nathing's awa', as we can learn,
 The kirk's to kirk, and milk to earn,
 Gae butt the house, lass, and waken my bairn,
 And bid her come quickly ben.
 The servant gade where the daughter lay,
 The sheets was cauld, she was away,
 And fast to her goodwife gan say,
 She's aff with the Gaberlunzie-man.

O fy gar ride, and fy gar rin,
 And haste ye find these traytors again ;
 For she's be burnt, and he's be slain,
 The wearifu' Gaberlunzie-man.
 Some rade upo' horse, some ran a fit,
 The wife was wood, and out o' her wit :
 She cou'd na gang, nor yet cou'd she sit,
 But ay she curs'd and she ban'd.

Mean time far hind out o'er the lea,
 Fu' snug in a glen, where nane cou'd see,
 The twa, with kindly sport and glee,
 Cut frae a new cheese a whang :
 The priving was good, it pleas'd them baith,
 To lo'e her for ay, he gae her his aith ;
 Quo' she, to leave thee I will be laith,
 My winsome Gaberlunzie-man.

O kend my minny I were wi' you,
 Illsardly wad she crook her mou,
 Sic a poor man she'd never trow,
 After the Gaberlunzie-man.
 My dear, quo' he, ye're yet o'er young,
 And ha' na lear'd the beggar's tongue,
 To follow me frae town to town,
 And carry the Gaberlunzie on.

Wi' cauk and keel I'll win your bread,
 And spindles and whorles for them wha need,
 Whilk is a gentle trade indeed,

To carry the Gaberlunzie—O.

I'll bow my leg, and crook my knee,
 And draw a black clout o'er my eye,
 A cripple or blind they will ca' me,
 While we shall be merry and sing.

MY BONNIE MARY.

*THIS air is Oswald's; the first half-stanza of the song is old, the rest mine.**

Go fetch to me a pint o' wine,
 An' fill it in a silver tassie;
 That I may drink before I go,
 A service to my bonnie lassie;
 The boat rocks at the pier o' Leith;
 Fu' loud the wind blaws frae the ferry;

* This song, which Burns here acknowledges to be his own, was first introduced by him in a letter to Mrs. Dunlop, as two old stanzas.

The ship rides by the Berwick-law,
And I maun lea'e my bonnie Mary.

The trumpets sound, the banners fly,
The glittering spears are ranked ready;
The shouts o' war are heard afar,
The battle closes thick and bloody;
But it's not the roar o' sea or shore
Wad make me langer wish to tarry;
Nor shouts o' war that's heard afar,
It's leaving thee, my bonnie Mary.

THE BLACK EAGLE.

*THIS song is by Dr. Fordyce, whose merits as a
prose writer are well known.*

JAMIE COME TRY ME.

THIS air is Oswald's; the song mine.

THE LAZY MIST.

THIS song is mine.

The lazy mist hangs from the brow of the hill,
 Concealing the course of the dark-winding rill ;
 How languid the scenes, late so sprightly, appear,
 As autumn to winter resigns the pale year.
 The forests are leafless, the meadows are brown,
 And all the gay foppery of summer is flown :
 Apart let me wander, apart let me muse
 How quick time is flying, how keen fate pursues.

How long I have liv'd—but how much liv'd in vain ;
 How little of life's scanty span may remain :
 What aspects, old time, in his progress, has worn ;
 What ties, cruel fate, in my bosom has torn.
 How foolish, or worse, till our summit is gain'd !
 And downward, how weaken'd, how darken'd, how
 pain'd !

Life is not worth having, with all it can give ;
 For something beyond it poor man sure must live.

JOHNIE COPE.

THIS satirical song was composed to commemorate General Cope's defeat at Preston Pans, in 1745, when he marched against the Clans.

The air was the tune of an old song, of which I have heard some verses, but now only remember the title, which was,

Will ye go to the coals in the morning.

Tune—FY TO THE HILLS IN THE MORNING.

Cope sent a challenge from Dunbar,
Saying, sir, come fight me, if you dare,
If it be not by the chance of war,
I'll catch you all in the morning.

Charlie look'd the letter upon,
He drew his sword his scabbard from,
Saying, Come follow me, my merry men,
And we'll visit Cope in the morning.

My merry men, come follow me,
For now's the time I'll let you see,

What a happy nation this will be,
And we'll visit Cope in the morning.

'Tis Cope, are you waking yet?
Or are you sleeping? I would wit;
'Tis a wonder to me when your drums beat,
It does not waken you in the morning.

The Highland men came down the loan,
With sword and target in their hand,
They took the dawning by the end,
And they visited Cope in the morning.

For all their bombs, and bomb-granades,
'Twas when they saw the Highland-lads,
They ran to the hills as if they were calves,
And scour'd off early in the morning.

For all your bombs, and your bomb-shells,
'Tis when they saw the Highland-lads,
They ran to the hills like frightened wolves,
All pursued by the clans in the morning.

The Highland knaves, with loud huzzas,
Cries, Cope, are you quite awa?
Bide a little, and shake a pa,
And we'll give you a merry morning.

Cope went along unto Haddington,
 They ask'd him where was all his men;
 The pox on me if I do ken,
 For I left them all this morning.*

* VARIATION.

JOHNY COUP.

Coup sent a challenge frae Dunbar,
 Charlie, meet me an ye dare,
 And I'll learn you the art of war,
 If you'll meet wi' me in the morning.
 Hey Johny Coup, are ye waking yet?
 Or are your drums a beating yet?
 If ye were waking I wou'd wait
 To gang to the coals i' the morning.

When Charlie look'd the letter upon,
 He drew his sword the scabbard from,
 Come follow me, my merry merry men,
 And we'll meet Jonnie Coup i' the morning.
 Hey Jonnie Coup are ye waking yet, &c.

Now, Jonnie, be as good as your word,
 Come let us try both fire and sword,
 And dinna rin awa' like a frighted bird,
 That's chas'd frae it's nest in the morning.
 Hey Jonnie Coup, &c.

I LOVE MY JEAN.

*THIS air is by Marshall; the song I composed
out of compliment to Mrs. Burns.*

N. B. It was during the honey-moon.

When Jonnie Coup he heard of this,
He thought it wadna be amiss
To hae a horse in readiness,
To flie awa' i' the morning.

Hey Jonnie Coup, &c.

Fy now Jonnie get up and rin,
The Highland bagpipes makes a din,
It's best to sleep in a hale skin,
For 'twill be a bluddie morning.

Hey Jonnie Coup, &c.

When Jonnie Coup to Dunbar came,
They spear'd at him, where's a' your men,
The deil confound me gin I ken,
For I left them a' i' the morning.

Hey Jonnie Coup, &c.

Now, Jonnie, trouth ye was na blate,
To come wi' the news o' your ain defeat,
And leave your men in sic a strait,
So early in the morning.

Hey Jonnie Coup, &c.

Ah!

Tune—MISS ADMIRAL GORDON'S STRATHSPEY.

Of a' the airts* the wind can blaw,
 I dearly like the west,
 For there the bonie lassie lives,
 The lassie I lo'e best :
 There's wild woods grow, and rivers row,
 And mony a hill between ;
 But day and night my fancy's flight
 Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,
 I see her sweet and fair ;

Ah! faith, co' Jonie, I got a fleg,
 With their claymores and philabegs,
 If I face them again, deil break my legs,
 So I wish you a good morning.
 Hey Jonnie Coup, &c.

In Johnson's " Scots Musical Museum," Edin. 1787, &c. is a copy differing very much from both. One would wish to know the original, which, perhaps, is now impossible.

* Quarters of the heaven. What *airt's* the wind in? signifies, What point does the wind blow from?

I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
I hear her charm the air :

There's not a bony flower that springs,
By fountain, shaw, or green,
There's not a bony bird that sings
But minds me o' my Jean.

CEASE, CEASE MY DEAR FRIEND TO EXPLORE.

THE song is by Dr. Blacklock; I believe, but am not quite certain, that the air is his too.

DONALD AND FLORA.

*THIS is one of those fine Gaelic tunes, preserved from time immemorial in the Hebrides; they seem to be the ground-work of many of our finest Scots pastoral tunes. The words of this song were written to commemorate the unfortunate expedition of General Burgoyne in America, in 1777.**

* This song is by Hector M'Neil, Esq.

O WERE I ON PARNASSUS' HILL.

*THIS air is Oswald's: the song I made out of
compliment to Mrs. Burns.*

O were I on Parnassus' hill,
Or had o' Helicon my fill;
That I might catch poetic skill,
To sing how dear I love thee.
But Nith maun be my Muses well,
My Muse maun be thy bonie sell;
On Corsincon I'll glow'r and spell,
And write how dear I love thee.

Then come, sweet Muse, inspire my lay!
For a' the lee-lang simmer's day,
I coudna sing, I coudna say,
How much, how dear, I love thee.
I see thee dancing o'er the green,
Thy waist sae jimp, thy limbs sae clean,
Thy tempting lips, thy roguish een—
By heaven and earth I love thee!

By night, by day, a field, at hame,
The thoughts o' thee my breast inflame;

And ay I muse and sing thy name,
 I only live to love thee !
 Tho' I were doom'd to wander on,
 Beyond the sea, beyond the sun,
 'Till my last weary sand was run ;
 'Till then, and then I love thee !

THE CAPTIVE RIBBAND.

THIS air is called Robie-donna Gorach.

THERE'S A YOUTH IN THIS CITY.

*THIS air is claimed by Neil Gow, who calls it his lament for his brother. The first half-stanza of the song is old ; the rest is mine.**

* In a memorandum book, in the Editor's possession, he found the venerable portrait of this national musician thus drawn by Burns, with his usual characteristic strength and expression.
 " — A short, stout-built, honest highland figure, with his gray-
 ish

There's a youth in this city, it were a great pity
 That he from our lasses should wander awa ;
 For he's bonie and braw, weel-favour'd with a',
 And his hair has a natural buckle and a'.

ish hair shed on his honest social brow ;—an interesting face, marking strong sense, kind open-heartedness, mixed with unmistrusting simplicity." The author of the *Sabbath* has also published tributary verses to his memory, that possess a tender simplicity, of which the subject is highly worthy.

" The blythe Strathspey springs up, reminding some
 Of nights when Gow's old arm, (nor old the tale,)
 Unceasing, save when reeking cans went round,
 Made heart and heel leap light as bounding roe.
 Alas ! no more shall we behold that look
 So venerable, yet so blent with mirth,
 And festive joy sedate ; that ancient garb
 Unvaried,—tartan hose, and bonnet blue !
 No more shall Beauty's partial eye draw forth
 The full intoxication of his strain,
 Mellifluous, strong, exuberantly rich !
 No more, amid the pauses of the dance,
 Shall he repeat those measures, that in days
 Of other years, could soothe a falling prince,
 And light his visage with a transient smile
 Of melancholy joy,—like autumn sun
 Gilding a sere tree with a passing beam !
 Or play to sportive children on the green
 Dancing at gloamin hour ; on willing cheer
 With strains unbought, the shepherd's bridal-day !"

British Georgics, p. 81.

" Neil Gow was born in Strathbrand, Perthshire, in the year
 1727.

His coat is the hue of his bonnet sae blue ;

His fecket* is white as the new-driven snaw ;

His hose they are blae, and his shoon like the slae,

And his clear siller buckles they dazzle us a.'

His coat is the hue, &c.

1727. He died at Inver, near Dunkeld, on the 1st of March, 1807. In private life he was distinguished by a sound and vigorous understanding, by a singularly acute penetration into the character of those, both in the higher and lower spheres of society, with whom he had intercourse ; and by the conciliating and appropriate accommodation of his remarks and replies, to the peculiarities of their station and temper. In these he often shewed a high degree of forcible humour, strong sense and knowledge of the world, and proved himself to have at once a mind naturally sagacious, and a very attentive and discriminating habit of observation. But his most honourable praise is to be drawn from a view of his character, which was not so obvious to the public. His moral and religious principles were originally correct, rational, and heartfelt, and they were never corrupted. His duty in the domestic relations of life, he uniformly fulfilled with exemplary fidelity, generosity, and kindness. In short, by the general integrity, prudence, and propriety of his conduct, he deserved, and he lived and died possessing, as large a portion of respect from his equals, and of good will from his superiors, as has ever fallen to the lot of any man of his rank.

"Though he had raised himself to independent and affluent circumstances in his old age, he continued free of every appearance

* An under-waistcoat with sleeves.

For beauty and fortune the laddie's been courtin ;
 Weel-featur'd, weel-tocher'd, weel mounted and
 braw ;
 But chiefly the siller, that gars him gang till her,
 The pennie's the jewel that beautifies a'.—
 There's Meg wi' the mailin, that fain wad a haen
 him,
 And Susy whase daddy was Laird o' the ha' ;
 There's lang-tocher'd Nancy maist fetters his fancy,
 —But the laddie's dear sel he lo'es dearest of a'.

ance of vanity or ostentation. He retained to the last, the same plain and unassuming simplicity in his carriage, his dress, and his manners, which he had observed in his early and more obscure years. His figure was vigorous and manly ; and the expression of his countenance spirited and intelligent. His whole appearance, indeed, exhibited so characteristic a model of what national partiality conceives a Scottish highlander to be, that his portrait has been repeatedly copied. An admirable likeness of him was painted a few years ago, for the Hon. Mr. Maule of Panmure, M. P. for Forfarshire, by Mr. Raeburn : and he has been introduced into the *View of a Highland Wedding*, by the late ingenious Mr. Allan, to whom he was requested to sit for the purpose."

SCOTS MAG.

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.

Tune—FÀILTE NA MÌOSG.

THE first half-stanza of this song is old; the rest is mine.

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
 My heart's in the Highlands a chasing the deer;
 Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
 My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.
 Farewel to the Highlands, farewel to the North,
 The birth-place of valour, the country of worth;
 Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,¹
 The hills of the Highlands for ever I love!

Farewel to the mountains high cover'd with snow;
 Farewel to the straths and green vallies below:
 Farewel to the forests and wild-hanging woods;
 Farewel to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.
 My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,
 My heart's in the Highlands a chasing the deer:
 Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
 My heart's in the Highlands, wherever I go.

THE LOVELY LASS OF INVERNESS.*

THE first half stanza of this ballad is old.

The lovely lass o' Inverness,
 Nae joy nor pleasure can she see ;
 For e'en and morn, she cries, alas !
 And ay the saut tear blins her ee.
 Drumossie moor, Drumossie day,
 A waefu' day it was to me ;
 For there I lost my father dear,
 My father dear and brethren three !

Their winding sheet the bluidy clay,
 Their graves are growing green to see ;
 And by them lies the dearest lad
 That ever blest a woman's ee !
 Now wae to thee thou cruel lord,
 A bluidy man I trow thou be ;
 For mony a heart thou hast made sair,
 That ne'er did wrang to thine or thee !

* By Burns.

THE SHEPHERD'S PREFERENCE.

THIS song is Blacklock's.—I don't know how it came by the name, but the oldest appellation of the air was, Whistle and I'll come to you my lad.

It has little affinity to the tune commonly known by that name.

THE BONIE BANKS OF AYR.

I COMPOSED this song as I convoyed my chest so far on the road to Greenock, where I was to embark in a few days for Jamaica.

I meant it as my farewel Dirge to my native land.

The gloomy night is gathering fast,
Loud roars the wild, inconstant blast ;

* “ I had taken the last farewel of my few friends ; my chest was on the road to Greenock ; I had composed the last song I should ever measure in Caledonia, *The gloomy Night is gathering fast.*

Letter to Dr. Moore, vol. i. p. 35. Dr. Currie's ed.

Yon murky cloud is foul with rain,
 I see it driving o'er the plain :
 The hunter now has left the moor,
 The scattered coveys meet secure,
 While here I wander, prest with care,
 Along the lonely banks of Ayr.

The autumn mourns her rip'ning corn,
 By early winter's ravage torn ;
 Across her placid, azure sky,
 She sees the scowling tempest fly :
 Chill runs my blood to hear it rave,
 I think upon the stormy wave,
 Where many a danger I must dare,
 Far from the bonie banks of Ayr.

'Tis not the surging billow's roar,
 'Tis not that fatal, deadly shore ;
 Tho' death in every shape appear,
 The wretched have no more to fear :
 But round my heart the ties are bound ;
 That heart transpierc'd with many a wound,
 These bleed afresh, those ties I tear,
 To leave the bonie banks of Ayr.

Farewel, old Coila's hills and dales,
 Her heathy moors and winding vales ;

The scenes where wretched fancy roves,
 Pursuing past, unhappy loves!
 Farewel, my friends! farewel my foes!
 My peace with these, my love with those!
 The bursting tears my heart declare,
 Farewel, the bonie banks of Ayr!

A WAUKRIFE MINNIE.*

I PICKED up this old song and tune from a country girl in Nithsdale.—I never met with it elsewhere in Scotland.

Whare are you gaun, my bonie lass,
 Where are you gaun, my hinnie,
 She answer'd me right saucilie,
 An errand for my minnie.

O whare live ye, my bonie lass,
 O whare live ye, my hinnie,
 By yon burn-side, gin ye maun ken,
 In a wee house wi' my minnie.

* A watchful mother.

But I foor up the glen at een,
 To see my bonie lassie ;
 And lang before the gray morn cam,
 She was na hauf sae saucie.

O weary fa' the waukrife cock,
 And the foumart lay his crawin !
 He wauken'd the auld wife frae her sleep,
 A wee blink or the dawin.

An angry wife I wat she raise,
 And o'er the bed she brought her ;
 And wi' a mickle hazle rung
 She made her a weel pay'd dochter.

O fare thee weel, my bonie lass !
 O fare thee weel, my hinnie !
 Thou art a gay and a bonie lass,
 But thou hast a waukrife minnie.*

* The peasantry have a verse superior to some of those recovered by Burns, which is worthy of notice.—*Ed.*

O though thy hair was gowden weft,
 An' thy lips o' drapping hinnie,
 Thou hast gotten the clog that winna cling
 For a' you're waukrife minnie."

TULLOCHGORUM.

THIS, first of songs, is the master-piece of my old friend Skinner. He was passing the day at the town of Ellon, I think it was, in a friend's house whose name was Montgomery.—Mrs. Montgomery observing, en passant, that the beautiful reel of Tullochgorum wanted words, she begged them of Mr. Skinner, who gratified her wishes, and the wishes of every lover of Scottish song, in this most excellent ballad.

These particulars I had from the author's son, Bishop Skinner, at Aberdeen.

Come gie's a sang, Montgomery cry'd,
 And lay your disputes all aside,
 What signifies't for folks to chide
 For what was done before them :
 Let Whig and Tory all agree,
 Whig and Tory, Whig and Tory,
 Whig and Tory all agree,
 To drop their Whig-mig-morum.*

* Whig-mig-morum occurs in Habbie Simpson's epitaph—

“ Sa weill's he keipit his decorum,
 And all the stotis of *Quhip Meg Morum*.”

Statia

Let Whig and Tory all agree
 To spend the night wi' mirth and glee,
 And cheerful sing along wi' me,
 The Reel o' Tullochgorum.

O, Tullochgorum's my delight,
 It gars us a' in ane unite,
 And ony sumph that keeps up spite,
 In conscience I abhor him :
 For blythe and cheerie we'll be a',
 Blythe and cheerie, blythe and cheerie,
 Blythe and cheerie we'll be a',
 And make a happy quorum,
 For blythe and cheerie we'll be a',
 As lang as we hae breath to draw,
 And dance till we be like to fa'
 The Reel o' Tullochgorum.

What needs there be sae great a fraise,
 Wi' dringing dull Italian lays,
 I wadna gie our ain Strathspeys
 For half a hunder score o' them.
 They're dowf and dowie at the best,
 Dowf and dowie, dowf and dowie,
 Dowf and dowie at the best,
 Wi' a' their variorum ;

Stotis means notes of music. *Quhip meg-morum*, the name of
 an old air ; therefore the sense is, *Notes of Whip-meg-morum*

They're dowf and dowie at the best,
 Their *allegros* and a' the rest,
 They canna' please a Scottish taste,
 Compar'd wi' Tullochgorum.

Let warldly worms their minds oppress
 Wi' fears o' want and double cess,
 And sullen sots themsells distress

 Wi' keeping up decorum :

Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
 Sour and sulky, sour and sulky,
 Sour and sulky shall we sit

 Like old philosophorum !

Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
 Wi' neither sense, nor mirth, nor wit,
 Nor ever try to shake a fit

 To the Reel o' Tullochgorum ?

May choicest blessings ay attend
 Each honest, open-hearted friend,
 And calm and quiet be his end,

 And a' that's good watch o'er him ;

May peace and plenty be his lot,
 Peace and plenty, peace and plenty,
 Peace and plenty be his lot,

 And dainties a great store o' them ;

May peace and plenty be his lot,
 Unstain'd by any vicious spot,

And may he never want a groat,
 That's fond o' Tullochgorum !

But for the sullen frumpish fool,
 That loves to be oppression's tool,
 May envy gnaw his rotten soul,
 And discontent devour him ;
 May dool and sorrow be his chance,
 Dool and sorrow, dool and sorrow,
 Dool and sorrow be his chance,
 And nane say, wae's me for him !
 May dool and sorrow be his chance,
 Wi' a' the ills that come frae *France*,
 Wha e'er he be that winna dance
 The Reel o' Tullochgorum.

JOHN O' BADENYON.

THIS excellent song is also the composition of my worthy friend, old Skinner, at Linshart.

When first I cam to be a man
 Of twenty years or so,
 I thought myself a handsome youth,
 And fain the world would know ;
 In best attire I stept abroad,
 With spirits brisk and gay,
 And here and there and every where
 Was like a morn in May ;
 No care I had nor fear of want,
 But rambled up and down,
 And for a beau I might have past
 In country or in town ;
 I still was pleas'd where'er I went,
 And when I was alone,
 I tun'd my pipe and pleas'd myself
 Wi' John o' Badenyon.

Now in the days of youthful prime
 A mistress I must find,
 For *love*, I heard, gave one an air,
 And ev'n improved the mind :

On Phillis fair above the rest
 Kind fortune fixt my eyes,
 Her piercing beauty struck my heart,
 And she became my choice ;
 To Cupid now with hearty prayer
 I offer'd many a vow ;
 And danc'd and sung, and sigh'd, and swore,
 As other lovers do ;
 But, when at last I breath'd my flame,
 I found her cold as stone ;
 I left the girl, and tun'd my pipe
 To John o' Badenyon.

When *love* had thus my heart beguil'd
 With foolish hopes and vain ;
 To *friendship's* port I steer'd my course,
 And laugh'd at lovers' pain ;
 A friend I got by lucky chance,
 'Twas something like divine,
 An honest friend's a precious gift,
 And such a gift was mine ;
 And now whatever might betide,
 A happy man was I,
 In any strait I knew to whom
 I freely might apply ;
 A strait soon came : my friend I try'd ;
 He heard, and spurn'd my moan ;

I hy'd me home, and tun'd my pipe
To John o' Badenyon.

Methought I should be wiser next
And would a *patriot* turn,
Began to doat on Johnny Wilkes,
And cry up Parson Horne.*
Their manly spirit I admir'd,
And prais'd their noble zeal,
Who had with flaming tongue and pen
Maintain'd the public weal;
But e'er a month or two had past,
I found myself betray'd,
'Twas *self* and *party* after all,
For a' the stir they made;
At last I saw the factious knaves
Insult the very throne,
I curs'd them a', and tun'd my pipe
To John o' Badenyon.

What next to do I mus'd a while,
Still hoping to succeed,
I pitch'd on *books* for company,
And gravely try'd to read:

* This song was composed when Wilkes, Horne, &c. were making a noise about liberty.

I bought and borrow'd every where
 And study'd night and day,
 Nor mis'd what dean or doctor wrote
 That happen'd in my way :
 Philosophy I now esteem'd
 The ornament of youth,
 And carefully through many a page
 I hunted after truth.
 A thousand various schemes I try'd,
 And yet was pleas'd with none,
 I threw them by, and tun'd my pipe
 To John o' Badenyon.

And now ye youngsters every where,
 That wish to make a show,
 Take heed in time, nor fondly hope
 For happiness below ;
 What you may fancy pleasure here,
 Is but an empty name,
 And *girls*, and *friends*, and *books*, and so,
 You'll find them all the same ;
 Then be advised and warning take
 From such a man as me ;
 I'm neither Pope nor Cardinal,
 Nor one of high degree ;

You'll meet displeasure every where;
 Then do as I have done,
 Ee'n tune your pipe and please yourselves
 With John o' Badenyon.

FOR A' THAT, AND A' THAT.

*THIS song is mine, all except the chorus.**

* This is part of the "BARD'S SONG," in the "Jolly Beggars," a Cantata, which is printed at the end of this volume.

It is observed of Gay that he had long formed the idea of writing a NEWGATE PASTORAL, and that the conception, when matured, produced the BEGGARS' OPERA. In the "JOLLY BEGGARS" of Burns the reader will see Gay's first sketch completely illustrated; but here the design and the execution are equally original, and perhaps no poem of our Bard more abounds in those genuine and lively strokes of character which display the hand of a master, and which so happily realize the maxim of Horace—*ut pictura poësis*.—Ed.

AULD LANG SYNE.

RAMSAY, as usual with him, has taken the idea of the song, and the first line, from the old fragment, which may be seen in The Museum, vol. v.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,

And never brought to mind?

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,

And auld lang syne!

For auld lang syne, my jo,

For auld lang syne,

We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,

For auld lang syne!

And surely ye'll be your pint stoup!

And surely I'll be mine!

And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,

For auld lang syne.

For auld, &c.

We twa hae run about the braes,

And pou't the gowans fine;

But we've wander'd mony a weary foot

Sin auld lang syne.

For auld, &c.

We twa hae paidl't i' the burn,
 Frae morning sun 'till dine ;
 But seas between us braid hae roar'd,
 Sin auld lang syne.
For auld, &c.

And there's a han', my trusty fiere,
 And gies a han' o' thine !
 And we'll tak a right gude willy-waught*
 For auld lang syne !†
For auld, &c.

* *Willy-waught*, a hearty draught.

† Burns sometimes wrote poems in the old ballad style, which, for reasons best known to himself, he gave the public as songs of the *olden time*. That famous Soldier's song in particular, printed in this Collection, vol. ii. p. 98, beginning,

“ Go fetch to me a pint o' wine,
 An' fill it in a silver tassie,
 That I may drink before I go,
 A service to my bonnie lassie ;”

has been pronounced by some of our best living Poets an *inimitable relique* of some *ancient Minstrel* ! Yet the Editor discovered it to be the actual production of *Burns* himself. This ballad of *Auld lang syne* was also introduced in an ambiguous manner, though there exist proofs that the two best stanzas of it are indisputably his. He delighted to imitate and muse on the customs and opinions of his ancestors. He wished to warm his mind with those ideas of felicity which perhaps, at all times, are
 more

THE LAIRD OF COCKPEN.

HERE is a verse of this lively old song that used to be sung after these printed ones.

O, wha has lien wi' our Lord yestreen?
 O, wha has lien wi' our Lord yestreen?
 In his soft down bed, O, twa fowk were the sted,
 An' whare lay the chamber maid, lassie, yestreen?

more boasted of than enjoyed. The happiness of rustic society in its approach to modern refinement—his delight in the society and converse of the aged, all tended to confer on him that powerful gift of imitating the ancient ballads of his country with the ease and simplicity of his models. This ballad of 'Auld lang syne' would have been esteemed a beautiful modern in the days of Ramsay: its sentiments and language are admirably mixed with the sweet recollections of boyish pranks and endearments. To a native of Scotland, the phrase 'Auld lang syne' is very expressive, and "conveys a soothing idea to the mind, as recalling 'the memory of joys that are past.'

Burns's most successful imitation of the old style seems to be in his verses entitled 'The lovely Lass of Inverness.' He took up the idea from the first half verse, which is all that remains of the old words, and this prompted the feelings and tone of the time he wished to commemorate. That he passed some of these as the popular currency of other years is well known, though only discovered by the variations which his papers contain. He scattered these samples to be picked up by inquisitive criticism, that he might listen to its remarks, and, perhaps, secretly enjoy the admiration which they excited.

COCKPEN.

O, when she came ben she bobbed fu' law,
O, when she came ben she bobbed fu' law,
And when she came ben she kiss'd Cockpen,
And syne deny'd she did it at a'.

And was na cockpen right saucie with a',
And was na Cockpen right saucie with a',
In leaving the daughter of a Lord,
And kissin a collier lassie, an' a'?

O never look down my lassie, at a',
O never look down my lassie, at a',
Thy lips are as sweet, and thy figure complete
As the finest dame in castle or ha'.

Tho' thou has nae silk and holland sae sma',
Tho' thou has nae silk and holland sae sma',
Thy coat and thy sark are thy ain handy-wark,
And Lady Jean was never sae braw!

CA' THE EWES TO THE KNOWES.

THIS beautiful song is in the true old Scotch taste, yet I do not know that either air or words were in print before.

*Ca' the ewes to the knowes,
 Ca' them whare the heather grows,
 Ca' them whare the burnie rowes,
 My bonnie dearie.*

*As I gaed down the water-side,
 There I met my shepherd lad,
 He row'd me sweetly in his plaid,
 An' he ca'd me his dearie.
 Ca' the ewes, &c.*

*Will ye gang down the water-side,
 And see the waves sae sweetly glide,
 Beneath the hazels spreading wide,
 The moon it shines fu' clearly.
 Ca' the ewes, &c.*

*I was bred up at nae sic school
 My shepherd lad, to play the fool,*

And a' the day to sit in dool,
 And naebody to see me.
Ca' the ewes, &c.

Ye sall get gowns and ribbons meet,
 Cauf-leather shoon upon your feet,
 And in my arms ye'se lie and sleep,
 And ye sall be my dearie.
Ca' the ewes, &c.

If ye'll but stand to what ye've said,
 I'se gang wi' you my shepherd-lad,
 And ye may rowe me in your plaid,
 And I sall be your dearie.
Ca' the ewes, &c.

While waters wimple to the sea;
 While day blinks in the lift sae hie;
 'Till clay-cauld death sall blin my e'e,
 Ye sall be my dearie.*
Ca' the ewes, &c.

* Mrs. Burns informed the Editor that the last verse of this song was written by Burns.

LOUIS, WHAT RECK I BY THEE.

THESE words are mine.

Louis, what reck I by thee,
Or Geordie on his ocean:
Dyvor, beggar louns to me—
I reign in Jeanie's bosom!

Let her crown my love her law,
And in her breast enthrone me;
Kings and nations, swith, awa!
Reif randies I disown ye!

LADIE MARY ANN.

THE starting verse should be restored:—

“ Lady Mary Ann gaed out o' her bower,
An' she found a bonnie rose new i' the flower;
As she kiss'd its ruddy lips drapping wi' dew,
Quo' she, ye're nae sae sweet as my Charlie's mou.”

LADIE MARY ANN.

O LADY MARY ANN looks o'er the castle wa',
 She saw three bonnie boys playing at the ba',
 The youngest he was the flower amang them a';
 My bonnie laddie's young, but he's growin' yet.

"O father, O father, an' ye think it fit,
 We'll send him a year to the college yet;
 We'll sew a green ribbon round about his hat,
 And that will let them ken he's to marry yet."

Lady Mary Ann was a flower in the dew,
 Sweet was its smell, and bonnie was its hue,
 And the langer it blossomed, the sweeter it grew;
 For the lily in the bud will be bonnier yet.

Young Charlie Cochran was the sprout of an aik,
 Bonnie, and blooming, and straight was its make,
 The sun took delight to shine for its sake,
 And it will be the brag o' the forest yet.

The simmer is gane, when the leaves they were green;
 And the days are awa that we hae seen;
 But far better days, I trust, will come again,
 For my bonnie laddie's young, but he's growin' yet.

WILLIE BREW'D A PECK O' MAUT.

THIS air is Masterton's; the song mine.—The occasion of it was this:—Mr. Wm. Nicol, of the High School, Edinburgh, during the autumn vacation, being at Moffat, honest Allan, who was at that time on a visit to Dalswinton, and I went to pay Nicol a visit.—We had such a joyous meeting, that Mr. Masterton and I agreed, each in our own way, that we should celebrate the business.

O Willie brew'd a peck o' maut,
And Rob and Allan cam to see;
Three blyther hearts, that lee-lang night,
Ye wad na find in Christendie.

*We are na fou, we're na that four,
But just a drappie in our ee;
The cock may craw, the day may daw,
And ay we'll taste the barley bree.*

Here are we met, three merry boys,
Three merry boys I trow are we;
And mony a night we've merry been,
And mony mae we hope to be!
We are na fou, &c.

It is the moon, I ken her horn,
 That's blinkin in the lift sae hie;
 She shines sae bright to wyle us hame,
 But by my sooth she'll wait a wee!
We are na fou, &c.

Wha first shall rise to gang awa',
 A cuckold, coward loun is he!
 Wha last beside his chair shall fa',
 He is the king amang us three!
*We are na fou, &c.**

* "Willie, who 'brew'd a peck o' maut,' was Mr. William Nicol; and Rob and Allan were our Poet and his friend Allan Masterton. This meeting took place at LAGGAN, a farm purchased by Mr. Nicol, in Nithsdale, on the recommendation of Burns. These three honest fellows—all men of uncommon talents, are now all *under the turf*. (1799)."

KILLYCRANKY.*

THE battle of Killycranky was the last stand made by the Clans for James, after his abdication. Here Dundee† fell in the moment of victory, and with him fell the hopes of the party.—General Mackay, when he found the Highlanders did not pursue his flying army, said, “Dundee must be killed, or he never would have overlooked this advantage.”—A great stone marks the spot where Dundee fell.

Clavers and his highland-men,
 Came down upo' the raw, man,
 Who being stout, gave mony a clout,
 The lads began to claw, then.

* The battle of Killycranky was fought on the 17th June, 1689. This song may be regarded as the first of the numerous series now called *Jacobite songs*.—RITSON.

† Within an hour of sunset the signal was given by Dundee, and the Highlanders descended in thick and separate columns to the attack. After a single desultory discharge, they rushed forward with the sword, before the regulars, whose bayonets were then inserted within the musket, could be prepared to receive or to resist their furious attack. The weight of their columns pierced through the thin and straggling line, where Mackay commanded

With sword and terge into their hand,'
 Wi' which they were nae slaw, man,
 Wi' mony a fearful heavy sigh,
 The lads began to claw, then.

commanded in person; and their ponderous swords completed the rout. Within a few minutes the victors and the vanquished intermixed together in the field, in the pursuit, and in the river disappeared from view: Mackay alone, when deserted by his horse and surrounded, forced his way to the right wing, where two regiments had maintained their ground. While the enemy were intent on plundering the baggage, he conducted them in silence and in obscurity across the river beneath the defile, and continued his flight for two days through the mountains to Stirling.

But Dundee, whose pursuit he dreaded, was himself no more. After a desperate and successful charge on the artillery, which he seized with his horse, he returned to restore the battle on the left, and to renew the attack against the two regiments that remained entire. At that moment, while his arms was extended to his troops, and while his person was conspicuous to the enemy, he received a shot in his side, through an opening in his armour, and dropt from horseback as he rode off the field. He survived to write a concise and dignified account of his victory to James. With the loss of nine hundred of his men, two thousand of the enemy were killed or taken; and but for his untimely fate, not a man would have escaped. Had he survived to improve this distinguished victory, little doubt can be entertained that he would have recovered the whole of Scotland beyond the Forth. His party were prepared to take arms on the borders, and his progress

O'er bush, o'er bank, o'er ditch, o'er stank,
 She flang amang them a' man ;
 The butter-box got mony knocks,
 Their riggings paid for a' then ;
 They got their paiks, wi' sudden straits,
 Which to their grief they saw man ;
 Wi' clinkum clankum o'er their crowns,
 The lads began to fa' then.

Hur skipt about, hur leapt about,
 And flang amang them a', man ;
 The English blades got broken heads,
 Their crowns were cleav'd in twa then.
 The durk and door made their last hour,
 And prov'd their final fa', man ;
 They thought the devil had been there,
 That play'd them sic a paw then.

gress southwards might have arrested William's attention and arms, till James was firmly established in Ireland. But his death was fatal to his party ; and among the papers found on his body, a letter from Melfort, intimating that the indemnity was couched in such terms as might be broken or revoked by the king at pleasure, excited deep disgust at the insincerity of James. A rude stone was erected on the spot, to mark his victory to future times. His memory was long lamented by his party, and his name is still celebrated in their poetry, as the last of the Scots.

Laing's History of Scotland.

The solemn league and covenant
 Came whigging up the hills, man,
 Thought highland trews durst not refuse
 For to subscribe their bills then :
 In Willie's name* they thought nae ane
 Durst stop their course at a', man ;
 But hur nane sell, wi' mony a knock,
 Cry'd, Furich-whiggs, awa', man.

Sir Evan Du, and his men true,
 Came linking up the brink, man ;
 The Hogan Dutch they feared such,
 They bred a horrid stink, then.
 The true Maclean, and his fierce men,
 Came in amang them a', man ;
 Nane durst withstand his heavy hand,
 All fled and ran awa' then.

Oh' on a ri, oh' on a ri,
 Why should she lose king Shames, man?
Oh' rig in di, oh' rig in di,
 She shall break a' her banes then ;
 With *furichinish*, an' stay a while,
 And speak a word or twa, man,
 She's gi' a straike, out o'er the neck,
 Before ye win awa' then.

* Prince of Orange.

O fy for shame, ye're three for ane,
 Hur nane-sell's won the day, man;
 King Shames' red-coats should be hung up,
 Because they ran awa' then:
 Had bent their brows, like highland trows,
 And made as lang a stay, man,
 They'd sav'd their king, that sacred thing,
 And Willie'd 'run' awa' then.

THE EWIE WI' THE CROOKIT HORN.

ANOTHER excellent song of old Skinner's.

Were I but able to rehearse
 My Ewie's praise in proper verse,
 I'd sound it forth as loud and fierce
 As ever piper's drone could blaw;
 The Ewie wi' the crookit horn,
 Wha had kent her might hae sworn
 Sic a Ewe was never born,
 Hereabout nor far awa',
 Sic a Ewe was never born,
 Hereabout nor far awa'.

I never needed tar nor keil
 To mark her upo' hip or heel,
 Her crookit horn did as weel
 To ken her by amo' them a';
 She never threaten'd scab nor rot,
 But keepit ay her ain jog trot,
 Baith to the fauld and to the cot,
 Was never sweir to lead nor caw,
 Baith to the fauld and to the cot, &c.

Could nor hunger never dang her,
 Wind nor wet could never wrang her,
 Anes she lay an ouk and langer,
 Furth aneath a wreath o' snaw :
 Whan ither Ewies lap the dyke,
 And eat the kail for a' the tyke,
 My Ewie never play'd the like,
 But tyc'd about the barn wa';
 My Ewie never play'd the like, &c.

A better or a thriftier beast,
 Nae honest man could weel hae wist,
 For silly thing she never mist,
 To hae ilk' year a lamb or twa';
 The first she had I gae to Jock,
 To be to him a kind o' stock,

And now the laddie has a flock
 O' mair nor thirty head ava' ;
 And now the laddie has a flock, &c.

I lookit aye at even' for her,
 Lest mishanter shou'd come o'er her,
 Or the fowmart might devour her,
 Gin the beastie bade awa ;
 My Ewie wi' the crookit horn,
 Well deserv'd baith girse and corn,
 Sic a Ewe was never born,
 Here-about nor far awa.
 Sic a Ewe was never born, &c.

Yet last ouk, for a' my keeping,
 (Wha can speak it without weeping ?)
 A villain cam when I was sleeping,
 Sta' my Ewie, horn and a' ;
 I sought her sair upo' the morn,
 And down aneath a buss o' thorn
 I got my Ewie's crookit horn,
 But my Ewie was awa'.
 I got my Ewie's crookit horn, &c.

O! gin I had the loun that did it,
 Sworn I have as well as said it,
 Tho' a' the warld should forbid it,
 I wad gie his neck a thra' :

I never met wi' sic a turn,
 As this sin ever I was born,
 My Ewie wi' the crookit horn,
 Silly Ewie stown awa',
 My Ewie wi' the crookit horn, &c.

O! had she died o' crook or cauld,
 As Ewies do when they grow auld,
 It wad na been, by mony fauld,
 Sae sair a heart to nane o's a':
 For a' the claith that we hae worn,
 Frae her and her's sae aften shorn,
 The loss o' her we cou'd hae born,
 Had fair strae-death ta'en her awa'.
 The loss o' her we cou'd hae born, &c.

But thus, poor thing, to lose her life,
 Aneath a bleedy villain's knife,
 I'm really fley't that our guidwife
 Will never win aboon't ava:
 O! a' ye bards benorth Kinghorn,
 Call your muses up and mourn,
 Our Ewie wi' the crookit horn,
 Stown frae's, and fellt and a'!
 Our Ewie wi' the crookit horn, &c.

CRAIGIE-BURN WOOD.*

IT is remarkable of this air, that it is the confine of that country where the greatest part of our Lowland music, (so far as from the title, words, &c. we can localize it,) has been composed. From Craigie-burn, near Moffat, until one reaches the West Highlands, we have scarcely one slow air of any antiquity.

The song was composed on a passion which a Mr. Gillespie, a particular friend of mine, had for a Miss Lorimer, afterwards a Mrs. Whelpdale.—The young lady was born at Craigie-burn wood.—The chorus is part of an old foolish ballad.—

*Beyond thee, dearie, beyond thee, dearie,
And O to be lying beyond thee,
O sweetly, soundly, weel may he sleep,
That's laid in the bed beyond thee.*

* “Craigie-burn wood is situated on the banks of the river Moffat, and about three miles distant from the village of that name, celebrated for its medicinal waters. The woods of Craigie-burn and of Dumcrief, were at one time favourite haunts of Burns. It was there he met the “Lassie wi’ the lint-white locks,” and that he conceived several of his beautiful lyrics.”

Dr. Currie.

CRAIGIE-BURN WOOD.

Sweet closes the evening on Craigie-burn wood,
 And blythely awakens the morrow;
 But the pride of the spring in the Craigie-burn
 wood,
 Can yield me to nothing but sorrow.
Beyond thee, &c.

I see the spreading leaves and flowers,
 I hear the wild birds singing;
 But pleasure they hae nane for me,
 While care my heart is wringing.
Beyond thee, &c.

I canna tell, I maun na tell,
 I dare na for your anger;
 But secret love will break my heart,
 If I conceal it langer.
Beyond thee, &c.

I see thee gracefu', straight and tall,
 I see thee sweet and bonie,
 But oh, what will my torments be,
 If thou refuse thy Johnnie!
Beyond thee, &c.

To see thee in anither's arms,
 In love to lie and languish,

'Twad be my dead, that will be seen,
 My heart wad burst wi' anguish.
Beyond thee, &c.

But Jeanie, say thou wilt be mine,
 Say, thou lo'es nane before me ;
 And a' my days o' life to come,
 I'll gratefully adore thee.
Beyond thee, &c.

FRAE THE FRIENDS AND LAND I LOVE.

*I ADDED the four last lines by way of giving a
 turn to the theme of the poem, such as it is.*

Frae the friends and land I love,
 Driv'n by fortune's felly spite ;
 Frae my best belov'd I rove,
 Never mair to taste delight.
 Never mair maun hope to find
 Ease frae toil, relief frae care,
 When remembrance racks the mind,
 Pleasures but unveil despair.

Brightest climes shall mirk appear,
 Desart ilka blooming shore;
 Till the fates, nae mair severe,
 Friendship, love and peace restore.
Till revenge wi' laurel'd head
Bring our banish'd hame again;
And ilk loyal, bonie lad,
Cross the seas and win his ain.

ANDRO WI' HIS CUTTIE GUN.

THIS blythsome song, so full of Scottish humour and convivial merriment, is an intimate favourite at Bridal Trystes, and House-heatings. It contains a spirited picture of a country ale-house touched off with all the lightsome gaiety so peculiar to the rural muse of Caledonia, when at a fair.

Instead of the line,

“ Girdle cakes weel toasted brown,”

I have heard it sung,

“ Knuckled cakes weel brandert brown.”

These cakes are kneaded out with the knuckles, and toasted over the red embers of wood on a grid-iron. They are remarkably fine, and have a delicate relish when eaten warm with ale. On winter market nights the landlady heats them, and drops them into the quaigh to warm the ale:

“ Weel does the cannie Kimmer ken
To gar the swats gae glibber down.”

Blyth, blyth, blyth was she,
Blyth was she butt and ben;
And well she loo'd a Hawick gill,
And leugh to see a tappit hen.
She took me in, and set me down,
And heght to keep me lawing-free;
But, cunning carling that she was,
She gart me birle my bawbie.

We loo'd the liquor well enough;
But waes my heart my cash was done
Before that I had quench'd my drowth,
And laith I was to pawn my shoon.

When we had three times toom'd our stoup,
 And the niest chappin new begun,
 Wha started in to heeze our hope,
 But Andro wi' his cutty gun.

The carling brought her kebbuck ben,
 With girdle-cakes weel-toasted brown,
 Well does the canny kimmer ken,
 They gar the swats gae glibber down.
 We ca'd the bicker aft about;
 Till dawning we ne'er jee'd our bun,
 And ay the cleanest drinker out
 Was Andro wi' his cutty gun.

He did like ony mavis sing,
 And as I in his oxter sat,
 He ca'd me ay his bonny thing,
 And mony a sappy kiss I gat:
 I hae been east, I hae been west,
 I hae been far ayont the sun;
 But the blythest lad that e'er I saw
 Was Andro wi' his cutty gun!*

* In a country ale-house of the time of this song, were seen mud walls lackered with lime; a chimney-piece hung with *quaighs* and *chappin stoups*. In the corner a huge barrel of home-brewed ale, and a corner-cupboard, where the "cunning Carline"

HUGHIE GRAHAM.*

THERE are several editions of this ballad.—This, here inserted, is from oral tradition in Ayrshire, where, when I was a boy, it was a popular song.—It originally, had a simple old tune, which I have forgotten.

line" held her "*Girdle Cakes weel toasted brown.*" A little window, with oaken boards, hung on leather hinges, and two panes of coarse glass; the window-cheeks pasted over with ballads, and favourite songs. Before the window was placed the oaken table, encircled by a motley company:—old men, with broad blue bonnets, wide boot-hose, and long staffs, which they held by the middle when they walked. Mixing with these, were the young lads with their sweethearts sitting on their knees, with the old narrative landlord repeating his jests *three times turned*. The pushing about of *stoups*;—the old men telling tales of parish quarrels and private squabbles;—the lasses singing songs;—and the lads wooing at intervals, form altogether a whimsical and original groupe, which is not easily so well and so happily sketched as in "*Andrew wi' his cuttie gun.*"

* Burns did not *chuse* to be quite correct in stating that this copy of the ballad of *Hughie Graham* is printed from oral tradition in Ayrshire. The truth is, that four of the stanzas are either altered or super-added by himself.

Of this number the third and eighth are original; the ninth and tenth have received his corrections. Perhaps pathos was

never

HUGHIE GRAHAM.

Our lords are to the mountains gane,
 A hunting o' the fallow deer,
 And they have gripet Hughie Graham
 For stealing o' the bishop's mare.

never more touching than in the picture of the hero singling out his poor aged father from the crowd of spectators ; and the simple grandeur of preparation for this afflicting circumstance in the verse that immediately precedes it is matchless.

That the reader may properly appreciate the value of Burns's touches, I here subjoin two verses from the most correct copy of the ballad, as it is printed in the *Border Minstrelsy*, vol. ii. p. 324.

“ He looked over his left shoulder,
 And for to see what he might see ;
 There was he aware of his auld father,
 Came tearing his hair most piteouslie.

“ O hald your tongue, my father, he says,
 And see that ye dinna weep for me !
 For they may ravish me o' my life,
 But they canna banish me from heaven hie !”

The Grahames were a warlike and restless clan, who held the debatable land on the Scottish border by the uncertain and dangerous tenure of plundering warfare. Though mostly Scotchmen, we find them on the skirts of the English armies, when
 they

And they have tied him hand and foot,
 And led him up, thro' Stirling town;
 The lads and lasses met him there,
 Cried, Hughie Graham thou'rt a loun.

O lowse my right hand free, he says,
 And put my braid sword in the same;
 He's no in Stirling town this day,
 Dare tell the tale to Hughie Graham.

Up then bespake the brave Whitefoord,
 As he sat by the bishop's knee,
 Five hundred white stots I'll gie you
 If ye'll let Hughie Graham free.

they ravaged the land, sharing the spoils of their country. Indeed they considered themselves independent, and flew to arms with the prevailing party, making cruel havoc, and ultimately filling their fastnesses with the spoil of either kingdom.

They felt much hampered in the time of peace, when the Scottish and English Wardens found leisure to ascertain the bounds of sovereign property. Their aid and assistance was of easy purchase, and (if we may place any faith on an old song) was reckoned equivalent to the strength of an army.

'O! the Graemes, the gállant Graemes,
 Wad the gallant Graemes but stand by me,
 The dogs might douke in English blude,
 Ere a foot's breadth I wad finch or flee.'

O haud your tongue, the bishop says,
 And wi' your pleading let me be ;
 For tho' ten Grahams were in his coat,
 Hughie Graham this day shall die.

Up then bespake the fair Whitefoord,
 As she sat by the bishop's knee ;
 Five hundred white pence I'll gie you,
 If ye'll gie Hughie Graham to me.

O haud your tongue now lady fair,
 And wi' your pleading let it be ;
 Altho' ten Grahams were in his coat,
 Its for my honor he maun die,

They've ta'en him to the gallows knowe,
 He looked to the gallows tree,
 Yet never colour left his cheek,
 Nor ever did he blink his ee.

At length he looked round about,
 To see whatever he could spy :
 And there he saw his auld father,
 And he was weeping bitterly.

O haud your tongue, my father dear,
 And wi' your weeping let it be ;
 Thy weeping's sairer on my heart,
 Than a' that they can do to me.

And ye may gie my brother John,
 My sword that's bent in the middle clear,
 And let him come at twelve o'clock,
 And see me pay the bishop's mare.

And ye may gie my brother James
 My sword that's bent in the middle brown,
 And bid him come at four o'clock,
 And see his brother Hugh cut down.

Remember me to Maggy my wife,
 The neist time ye gang o'er the moor,
 Tell her she staw the bishop's mare,
 Tell her she was the bishop's whore.

And ye may tell my kith and kin,
 I never did disgrace their blood;
 And when they meet the bishop's cloak,
 To mak it shorter by the hood.

THE BONNY ERLE OF MURRAY.

THE last verse of this old fragment is beautiful and affecting.

Ye Highlands and ye Lawlands,
 Oh ! where have you been ?
 They have slain the Erle of Murray,
 And they laid him on the green !

Now wae be to thee, Huntly !
 And wherefore did you sae ?
 I bade you bring him wi' you,
 But forbade you him to slay.

He was a bra' gallant,
 As e'er rid at the ring,
 And the bonny Erle of Murray,
 Oh ! he might hae been a king.

He was a bra' gallant,
 As e'er played at the ba',
 And the bonny Erle of Murray
 Was the flower amang them a'.

He was a bra' gallant,
 As e'er played at the glove,
 And the bonny Erle of Murray,
 Oh! he was the queen's love.

Oh! lang will his ladie
 Look o'er the Castle Down,
 Ere she see the Erle of Murray
 Come sounding through the town!

A SOUTHLAND JENNY.

THIS is a popular Ayrshire song, though the notes were never taken down before.—It, as well as many of the ballad tunes in this collection, was written from Mrs. Burns's voice.

A Southland Jenny that was right bonny,
 Had for a suitor a Norland Johnnie,
 But he was sicken a bashfu' wooer,
 That he could scarcely speak unto her.

But blinks o' her beauty, and hopes o' her siller,
 Forced him at last to tell his mind till her ;
 My dear, quo' he, we'll nae langer tarry,
 Gin ye can lo'e me, let's o'er the moor and marry.

Come awa then, my Norland laddie,
 Tho' we gang neat, some are mair gaudy ;
 Albeit I hae neither land nor money,
 Come, and I'll ware my beauty on thee.

Ye lasses o' the South, ye're a' for dressin ;
 Lasses o' the North, mind milkin and threshin ;
 My minnie wad be angry, and sae wad my daddie,
 Should I marry ane as dink as a lady.

I maun hae a wife that will rise i' the mornin,
 Cruddle a' the milk, and keep the house a scauldin ;
 Tulzie wi' her neebors, and learn at my minnie,
 A Norland Jocky maun hae a Norland Jenny.

My father's only dochter, wi' farms and siller ready,
 Wad be ill bestowed upon sic a clownish body ;
 A' that I said was to try what was in thee,
 Gae hame, ye Norland Jockie, and court your Nor-
 land Jenny !

MY TOCHER'S THE JEWEL.

*THIS tune is claimed by Nathaniel Gow.—It is notoriously taken from The Muckin o' Geordie's Byre.—It is also to be found, long prior to Nathaniel Gow's æra, in Aird's Selection of Airs and Marches, the first edition, under the name of The Highway to Edinburgh.**

O meikle thinks my luvè o' my beauty,
 And meikle thinks my luvè o' my kin;
 But little thinks my luvè, I ken brawlie,
 My Tocher's the jewel has charms for him.

It's a' for the apple he'll nourish the tree,
 It's a' for the hinney he'll cherish the bee;
 My laddie's sae meikle in love wi' the siller,
 He canna hae luvè to spare for me.

* This statement is incorrect. On referring to *Niel Gow and Son's* 2d book, page 18, it will be seen that it is unclaimed by *Nathaniel Gow*, or any of his family. Mr. Gow found the tune in "*Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion*," book 3d, page 28, as a quick jig; it struck him that it would be pretty if slow; and being without a name, he called it *Lord Elcho's Favourite*. *Oswald's* book was published as long prior to *Aird's* æra, as *Aird's* was to that of *Gow*.—*Ed.*

Your proffer o' luvè's an airle-penny,
 My Tocher's the bargain ye wad buy;
 But an' ye be crafty, I am cunnin,
 Sae ye wi' anither your fortune maun try.

Ye're like to the timmer o' yon rotten wood,
 Ye're like to the bark o' yon rotten tree;
 Ye'll slip frae me like a knotless thread,
 And ye'll crack your credit wi' mae nor me.*

* The four last lines of this song are old. I have seen them in an unpublished MS. Collection by *David Herd*, the Editor of "*Ancient and Modern Scottish Songs, Heroic Ballads,*" &c. 2 vols. 1776.—the two lines,

*" It's a' for the apple he'll nourish the tree,
 It's a' for the hinney he'll cherish the bee ;"*

are also much older than Burns's words.—*Ed.*

THEN GUDE WIFE COUNT THE LAWIN.

THE chorus of this is part of an old song, one stanza of which I recollect.

Every day my wife tells me
That ale and brandy will ruin me ;
But if gude liquor be my dead,
This shall be written on my head,—
O gude wife count, &c.

THERE'LL NEVER BE PEACE TILL JAMIE
COMES HAME.

THIS tune is sometimes called, There's few gude Fellows when Willie's awa.—But I never have been able to meet with any thing else of the song than the title.

By yon castle wa', at the close of the day,
I heard a man sing tho' his head it was gray :
And as he was singing the tears down came—
There'll never be peace 'till Jamie comes hame.

The church is in ruins, the state is in jars,
Delusions, oppressions, and murderous wars :
We dare na weel say't, but we ken wha's to blame—
There'll never be peace 'till Jamie comes hame.

My seven braw sons for Jamie drew sword,
And now I greet round their green beds in the yerd ;
It brak the sweet heart o' my faithfu' auld dame—
There'll never be peace 'till Jamie comes hame.

Now life is a burden that bows me down,
Sin I tint my bairns, and he tint his crown ;
But till my last moment my words are the same—
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

THE CARL OF KELLYBURN BRAES.

THESE words are mine; I composed them from the old traditional verses.

There lived a carl on Kellyburn braes,
 (Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme)
 And he had a wife was the plague o' his days;
 And the thyme it is wither'd and the rue is in
 prime.

Ae day as the carl gaed up the lang glen,
 (Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme)
 He met wi' the devil; says, "How do yow fen?"
 And the thyme it is wither'd and the rue is in
 prime.

"I've got a bad wife, sir; that's a' my complaint;
 Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme)
 For, saving your presence, to her ye're a saint;
 And the thyme it is wither'd and the rue is in
 prime."

"It's neither your stot nor your staig I shall crave,
 (Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme)
 But gie me your wife, man, for her I must have,
 And the thyme it is wither'd and the rue is in
 prime."

“ O welcome, most kindly,” the blythe carl said,
 (Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi’ thyme)
 But if ye can match her, ye’re waur nor ye’re ca’d,
 And the thyme it is wither’d, and the rue is in
 prime.”

The devil has got the auld wife on his back ;
 (Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi’ thyme)
 And, like a poor pedlar, he’s carried his pack ;
 And the thyme it is wither’d, and the rue is in
 prime.

He’s carried her hame to his ain hallan-door ;
 (Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi’ thyme)
 Syne bade her gae in, for a bitch and a whore,
 And the thyme it is wither’d, and the rue is in
 prime.

Then straight he makes fifty, the pick o’ his band,
 (Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi’ thyme)
 Turn out on her gaurd in the clap of a hand ;
 And the thyme it is wither’d, and the rue is in
 prime.

The carlin gaed thro’ them like ony wude bear,
 (Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi’ thyme)
 Whae’er she gat hands on came near her nae mair ;
 And the thyme it is wither’d, and the rue is in
 prime.

A reekit wee devil looks over the wa';
 (Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme)
 O, help, master, help, or she'll ruin us a',
 And the thyme it is wither'd, and the rue is in
 prime."

The devil he swore by the edge o' his knife,
 (Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme)
 He pitied the man that was tied to a wife;
 And the thyme it is wither'd, and the rue is in
 prime.

The devil he swore by the kirk and the bell,
 (Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme)
 He was not in wedlock, thank heaven, but in hell;
 And the thyme it is wither'd, and the rue is in
 prime.

Then satan has travelled again wi' his pack;
 (Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme)
 And to her auld husband he's carried her back;
 And the thyme it is wither'd, and the rue is in
 prime.

"I hae been a devil the feck o' my life;
 (Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme)
 But ne'er was in hell, till I met wi' a wife;
 And the thyme it is wither'd, and the rue is in
 prime.

I DO CONFESS THOU ART SAE FAIR.

THIS song is altered from a poem by Sir Robert Ayton, private secretary to Mary and Anne, queens of Scotland.—The poem is to be found in James Watson's collection of Scots poems. I think that I have improved the simplicity of the sentiments, by giving them a Scots dress.

I do confess thou art so fair,
 I wad been o'er the lugs in luv;
 Had I na found the slightest prayer
 That lips could speak, thy heart could muve.

I do confess thee sweet, but find
 Thou art sae thriftless o' thy sweets,
 Thy favors are the silly wind
 That kisses ilka thing it meets.

See yonder rose-bud, rich in dew,
 Amang its native briers sae coy,
 How sune it tines its scent and hue
 When pu'd and worn a common toy!

Sic fate e'er lang shall thee betide,
 Tho' thou may gayly bloom a while;
 Yet sune thou shalt be thrown aside,
 Like ony common weed and vile.*

* The following are the old words of this song:

I do confess thou 'rt smooth and fair,
 And I might have gone near to love thee;
 Had I not found the slightest prayer
 That lips could speak, had power to move thee:
 But I can let thee now alone
 As worthy to be lov'd by none.

I do confess thou'rt sweet, yet find
 Thee such an unthrift of thy sweets,
 Thy favours are but like the wind
 That kisseth every thing it meets.
 And since thou can'st with more than one,
 Thou'rt worthy to be kiss'd by none.

The morning rose, that untouch'd stands,
 Arm'd with her briars, how sweetly smells!
 But pluck'd and strain'd through ruder hands,
 Her sweet no longer with her dwells;
 But scent and beauty both are gone,
 And leaves fall from her, one by one.

Such fate, ere long, will thee betide,
 When thou hast handled been awhile!
 Like sere flowers to be thrown aside,
 And I shall sigh, while some will smile,
 To see thy love to every one
 Hath brought thee to be lov'd by none!

This

THE SOGER LADDIE.

THE first verse of this is old; the rest is by Ramsay.—The tune seems to be the same with a slow air, called Jacky Hume's Lament—or, The Hollin Buss—or, Ken ye what Meg o' the Mill has gotten?

WHERE WAD BONIE ANNIE LIE.

THE old name of this tune is—

Whare'll our Gudeman lie.

A silly old stanza of it runs thus—

O whare'll our gudeman lie,
 Gudeman lie, gudeman lie,
 O whare'll our gudeman lie,
 Till he shute o'er the simmer?

This song may be seen in Playford's *Select Ayres*, 1659, folio, under the title of a *Song to a forsaken Mistrisse*.

It is also printed in Ellis's *Specimens of the early English Poets*, vol. iii. p. 325.

Up amang the hen-bawks,
 The hen-bawks, the hen-bawks,
 Up amang the hen-bawks,
 Amang the rotten timmer.

GALLOWAY TAM.

I have seen an interlude acted at a wedding to this tune, called, The Wooing of the Maiden.—These entertainments are now much worn out in this part of Scotland.—Two are still retained in Nithsdale, viz. Silly puir auld Glenae; and this one, The Wooing of the Maiden.

AS I CAM DOWN BY YON CASTLE WA'.

THIS is a very popular Ayrshire song.

As I cam down by yon castle wa',
 And in by yon garden green,
 O there I spied a bonnie bonnie lass,
 But the flower-borders were us between.

A bonie bonie lassie she was,
As ever mine eyes did see ;
O five hundred pounds would I give,
For to have such a pretty bride as thee.

To have such a pretty bride as me !
Young man ye are sairly mista'en ;
Tho' ye were king o' fair Scotland,
I wad disdain to be your queen.

Talk not so very high, bonnie lass,
O talk not so very, very high ;
The man at the fair that wad sell,
He maun learn at the man that wad buy.

I trust to climb a far higher tree,
And herry a far richer nest :
Tak this advice o' me, bonnie lass,
Humility wad set thee best.

O, FOR ANE AND TWENTY, TAM.

Tune—THE MOUDIEWORT.

THIS song is mine.

An' O, for ane and twenty, Tam!

An' hey, sweet ane and twenty, Tam!

I'll learn my kin a rattling sang,

An' I saw ane and twenty, Tam!

They snool me sair, and haud me down,

And gar me look like Blundie,* Tam!

But three short years will soon wheel roun',

And then comes ane and twenty, Tam!

An O, for ane and twenty, Tam!

An' hey, sweet ane and twenty, Tam!

I'll learn my kin a rattlin sang,

An' I saw ane and twenty, Tam!

* "This looks just like Jock Blunt himsel."

This is commonly said of a person who is out of countenance at a disappointment.—*Jamieson.*

A gleib o' lan', a claut o' gear,
 Was left me by my auntie, Tam;
 At kith or kin I need na' spier,
 An' I saw ane and twenty, Tam.

An' O, for, &c.

They'll hae me wed a wealthy coof,
 Tho' I mysel hae plenty, Tam;
 But hears't thou, laddie, there's my loof,
 I'm thine at ane and twenty, Tam!

An' O, for, &c.

LORD RONALD MY SON.

THIS air, a very favourite one in Ayrshire, is evidently the original of Lochaber.—In this manner, most of our finest more modern airs have had their origin. Some early minstrel, or musical shepherd, composed the simple artless original air; which being picked up by the more learned musician, took the improved form it bears.

LOGAN BRAES.

THERE were two old songs to this tune; one of them contained some striking lines, the other entered into the sweets of wooing rather too freely for modern poetry.—It began,

“ Ae simmer night on Logan braes,
I helped a bonie lassie on wi’ her claes,
First wi’ her stockins, an’ syne wi’ her shoon,
But she gied me the glaiks whan a’ was done.”

The other seems older, but it is not characteristic of Scottish courtship.

“ Logan Water’s wide and deep,
An’ laith am I to weet my feet;
But gif ye’ll consent to gang wi’ me,
I’ll hire a horse to carry thee.”*

* In a letter to a Correspondent, dated 7th April, 1793, Burns says, “I remember the two last lines of a verse in some of the old songs of *Logan Water*, which I think pretty.

“ Now my dear lad maun face his faes,
Far, far frae me and Logan braes.”

The song which Burns thus hastily alludes to was written in Glasgow, near thirty years ago, by the gentleman whose name

O'ER THE MOOR AMANG THE HEATHER.

THIS song is the composition of a Jean Glover, a girl who was not only a w—e, but also a thief; and

is here prefixed to it. It was first printed in the Star newspaper, May 23, 1789, signed with the initial letter of the author's surname. Several years, however, antecedent to this period, *Logan Water* had acquired popularity, and was well known in the south-west part of Scotland.

LOGAN WATER.

BY JOHN MAYNE.

By Logan's streams that rin sae deep,
 Fu' aft', wi' glee, I've herded sheep,
 I've herded sheep, or gather'd slaes,
 Wi' my dear lad, on Logan Braes :
 But, wae's my heart, thae days are gane,
 And, fu' o' grief, I herd my lane ;
 While my dear lad maun face his faes,
 Far, far frae me and Logan Braes !

Nae mair at Logan Kirk will he,
 Atween the preachings, meet wi' me—
 Meet wi' me, or, when it's mirk,
 Convoy me hame frae Logan Kirk !
 I weil may sing, thae days are gane—
 Frae Kirk and Fair I come my lane,
 While my dear lad maun face his faes,
 Far, far frae me and Logan Braes !

in one or other character has visited most of the Correction Houses in the West.—She was born, I believe, in Kilmarnock:—I took the song down from her singing as she was strolling through the country, with a slight-of-hand blackguard.

Comin' thro' the Craigs o' Kyle,
 Among the bonnie blooming heather,
 There I met a bonnie lassie,
 Keeping a' her yowes thegither,
 O'er the moor among the heather,
 O'er the moor among the heather,
 There I met a bonnie lassie,
 Keeping a' her yowes thegither.

Says I my dearie where is thy hame,
 In moor or dale pray tell me whether?
 She says, I tent the fleecy flocks
 That feed among the blooming heather,
 O'er the moor, &c.

We laid us down upon a bank,
 Sae warm and sunny was the weather,
 She left her flocks at large to rove
 Among the bonnie blooming heather.
 O'er the moor, &c.

While thus we lay she sang a sang,
Till echo rang a mile and farther,
And ay the burden o' the sang
Was—o'er the moor amang the heather.
O'er the moor, &c.

She charm'd my heart, and aye sinsyne,
I could na think on any ither :
By sea and sky she shall be mine !
The bonnie lass amang the heather.
O'er the moor, &c.

TO THE ROSE BUD.

THIS song is the composition of a — Johnson, a joiner in the neighbourhood of Belfast.—The tune is by Oswald, altered, evidently, from Jockie's Gray Breeks.

All hail to thee thou bawmy bud,
 Thou charming child o' simmer, hail;
 Ilk fragrant thorn and lofty wood
 Does nod thy welcome to the vale.

See on thy lovely faulded form,
 Glad Phœbus smiles wi' chearing eye,
 While on thy head the dewy morn
 Has shed the tears o' silent joy.

The tuneful tribes frae yonder bower,
 Wi' sangs of joy thy presence hail;
 Then haste, thou bawmy fragrant flower,
 And gie thy bosom to the gale.

And see the fair industrious bee,
 With airy wheel and soothing hum,
 Flies ceaseless round thy parent tree,
 While gentle breezes trembling come.

If ruthless Liza pass this way,
She'll pou thee frae thy thorny stem ;
Awhile thou'lt grace her virgin breast,
But soon thou'lt fade, my bonny gem.

Ah, short, too short, thy rural reign,
And yield to fate, alas ! thou must :
Bright emblem of the virgin train,
Thou blooms alas ! to mix wi' dust.

Sae bonny Liza hence may learn,
Wi' every youthfu' maiden gay,
That beauty, like the simmer's rose,
In time shall wither and decay.

YON WILD MOSSY MOUNTAINS.

THIS tune is by Oswald. The song alludes to a part of my private history, which it is of no consequence to the world to know.

Yon wild mossy mountains sae lofty and wide,
 That nurse in their bosom the youth o' the Clyde,
 Where the grouse lead their coveys thro' the heather
 to feed,
 And the shepherd tents his flock as he pipes on his
 reed.

Where the grouse, &c.

Not Gowrie's rich valley, nor Forth's sunny shores,
 To me hae the charms o' yon wild, mossy moors;
 For there, by a lanely, and sequester'd stream,
 Resides a sweet lassie, my thought and my dream.

Amang thae wild mountains shall still be my path,
 Ilk stream foaming down its ain green, narrow strath;
 For there, wi' my lassie, the day lang I rove,
 While o'er us unheeded, flie the swift hours o' love.

She is not the fairest, altho' she is fair ;
 O' nice education but sma' is her share ;
 Her parentage humble as humble can be ;
 But I lo'e the dear lassie because she lo'es me.*

To beauty what man but maun yield him a prize,
 In her armour of glances, and blushes, and sighs ;
 And when wit and refinement ha'e polish'd her darts,
 They dazzle our een, as they fly to our hearts.

But kindness, sweet kindness, in the fond sparkling
 e'e,
 Has lustre outshining the diamond to me ;
 And the heart-beating love, as I'm clasp'd in her
 arms,
 O, these are my lassie's all-conquering charms !

* " I love my love because I know my love loves me."

Maid in Bedlam.

IT IS NA, JEAN, THY BONIE FACE.

THESE were originally English verses:—I gave them their Scotch dress.

It is na, Jean, thy bonie face,
 Nor shape that I admire,
 Altho' thy beauty and thy grace
 Might weel awauk desire.
 Something in ilka part o' thee
 To praise, to love, I find;
 But dear as is thy form to me,
 Still dearer is thy mind.

Nae mair ungen'rous wish I hae,
 Nor stronger in my breast,
 Than, if I canna mak thee sae,
 At least to see thee blest.
 Content am I, if heaven shall give
 But happiness to thee:
 And as wi' thee I'd wish to live,
 For thee I'd bear to die.

EPPIE M'NAB.

THE old song, with this title, has more wit than decency.

WHA IS THAT AT MY BOWER DOOR.

THIS tune is also known by the name of Lass an I come near thee. The words are mine.

Wha is that at my bower door?

O wha is it but Findlay ;—

Then gae your gate ye'se nae be here!

Indeed maun I, quo' Findlay.

What mak ye sae like a thief?

O come and see, quo' Findlay ;—

Before the morn ye'll work mischief ;

Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.

Gif I rise and let you in?

Let me in, quo' Findlay ;—

Ye'll keep me waukin wi' your din ;

Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.

In my bower if ye should stay?
 Let me stay, quo' Findlay;—
 I fear ye'll bide till break o' day;
 Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.

Here this night if ye remain?
 I'll remain, quo' Findlay;—
 I dread ye'll learn the gate again;
 Indeed will I, quo' Findlay;
 What may pass within this bower;
 Let it pass, quo' Findlay;—
 Ye maun conceal 'till your last hour;
 Indeed will I, quo' Findlay!*

* Mr. Gilbert Burns told the Editor that this song was suggested to his brother by the '*Auld Man's Address to the Widow*, printed in *Ramsay's Tea Table Miscellany*, which the Poet first heard sung before he had seen that Collection, by a *Jean Wilson*, a silly old widow-woman, then living at Tarbolton, remarkable for the simplicity and *naïveté* of her character, and for singing old Scotch songs with a peculiar energy and earnestness of manner. Having outlived her family, she still retained the form of family worship: and before she sung a hymn, she would gravely give out the first line of the verse as if she had a numerous audience, to the great diversion of her listening neighbours.

THOU ART GANE AWA.

THIS tune is the same with, Haud awa frae me,
Donald.

THE TEARS I SHED MUST EVER FALL.

THIS song was composed by Miss Cranston.*—
It wanted four lines to make all the stanzas suit the
music, which I added, and are the four first of
the last stanza.

The tears I shed must ever fall ;
I weep not for an absent swain,
For time can past delights recal,
And parted lovers meet again.
I weep not for the silent dead,
Their toils are past, their sorrows o'er,
And these they lov'd their steps shall tread,
And death shall join to part no more.

* This lady is now married to Professor Dugald Stewart, of
Edinburgh.

Though boundless oceans roll between,
 If certain that his heart is near,
 A conscious transport glads the scene,
 Soft is the sigh and sweet the tear.
 Ev'n when by death's cold hand remov'd,
 We mourn the tenant of the tomb;
 To think that ev'n in death he lov'd
 Can cheer the terrors of the gloom.

But bitter, bitter is the tear
 Of her who slighted love bewails,
 No hopes her gloomy prospect cheer,
 No pleasing melancholy hails.
 Her's are the pangs of wounded pride,
 Of blasted hope, and wither'd joy:
 The prop she lean'd on pierc'd her side,
 The flame she fed burns to destroy.

In vain does memory renew
 The scenes once ting'd in transport's dye;
 The sad reverse soon meets the view,
 And turns the thought to agony.
 Ev'n conscious virtue cannot cure
 The pang to ev'ry feeling due;
 Ungen'rous youth, thy boast how poor,
 To steal a heart, and break it too!

No cold approach, no alter'd mien,
 Just what would make suspicion start;
 No pause the dire extremes between,
 He made me blest—and broke my heart!
 Hope from its only anchor torn,
 Neglected and neglecting all,
 Friendless, forsaken, and forlorn,
 The tears I shed must ever fall.

THE BONIE WEE THING.

*COMPOSED on my little idol, "The charming,
 lovely Davies."*

Bonie wee thing, canie wee thing,
 Lovely wee thing was thou mine;
 I wad wear thee in my bosom,
 Lest my jewel I should tine.

Wishfully I look and languish,
 In that bonie face of thine;
 And my heart it stounds wi' anguish,
 Lest my wee thing be na mine.

Wit, and grace, and love, and beauty,
 In æ constellation shine ;
 To adore thee is my duty,
 Goddess o' this soul o' mine !

Bonie wee thing, &c.

THE TITHER MORN.

THIS tune is originally from the Highlands.—I have heard a Gaelic song to it, which I was told was very clever, but not by any means a lady's song.

A MOTHER'S LAMENT FOR THE DEATH OF HER SON.

Tune—FINLAYSTON HOUSE.

THIS most beautiful tune is, I think, the happiest composition of that bard-born genius, John Riddel, of the family of Glencarnock, at Ayr.—The words

*were composed to commemorate the much lamented,
and premature death of James Ferguson, Esq. jun.
of Craigdarroch.*

Fate gave the word, the arrow sped,
And pierc'd my darling's heart ;
And with him all the joys are fled
Life can to me impart.
By cruel hands the sapling drops,
In dust dishonour'd laid :
So fell the pride of all my hopes,
My age's future shade.

The mother linnet in the brake
Bewails her ravish'd young ;
So I, for my lost darling's sake,
Lament the live-day long.
Death, oft I've fear'd thy fatal blow,
Now, fond, I bare my breast,
O, do thou kindly lay me low,
With him I love, at rest !

DAINTIE DAVIE.

*THIS song, tradition says, and the composition it-
self confirms it, was composed on the Rev. David
Williamson's getting the daughter of Lady Cherry-
trees with child, while a party of dragoons were*

searching her house to apprehend him for being an adherent to the solemn league and covenant.—The pious woman had put a lady's night-cap on him, and had laid him a-bed with her own daughter, and passed him to the soldiery as a lady, her daughter's bed-fellow.—A mutilated stanza or two are to be found in Herd's collection, but the original song consists of five or six stanzas, and were their delicacy equal to their wit and humor, they would merit a place in any collection.—The first stanza is,—

Being pursued by the dragoons,
 Within my bed he was laid down;
 And well I wat he was worth his room,
 For he was my daintie Davie.

*Ramsay's song, Luckie Nansie, though he calls it an old song with additions, seems to be all his own, except the chorus, which I should conjecture to be part of a song, prior to the affair of Williamson.**

* The Editor has been honoured with the following communication respecting this song from Lord Woodhouselee.

“I have reason to believe that no part of the words of this song was written by Ramsay. I have been informed by good authority, that the words, as printed in Ramsay's Collection, were written by the Hon. Duncan Forbes, Lord President of the Court of Session. The words of another Scots air, which have much merit, ‘*Merry may the Maid be that marries the Miller,*’ were written by Sir John Clerk, of Pennicuik, Baron of Exchequer in Scotland.”

LUCKY NANSIE.

While fops in soft Italian verse,
 Ilk fair ane's een and breast rehearse,
 While sangs abound and scene is scarce,
 These lines I have indited :
 But neither darts nor arrows here,
 Venus nor Cupid shall appear,
 And yet with these fine sounds I swear,
 The maidens are delited.

*I was ay telling you
 Lucky Nansy, Lucky Nansy,
 Auld springs wad ding the new,
 But ye wad never trow me.*

Nor snaw with crimson will I mix,
 To spread upon my lassie's cheeks ;
 And syne th' unmeaning name prefix,
 Miranda, Chloe, or Phillis.
 I'll fetch nae simile frae Jove,
 My height of extasy to prove,
 Nor sighing,—thus—present my love
 With roses eke and lilies.

I was ay telling you, &c.

But stay,—I had amaist forgot
 My mistress and my sang to boot,
 And that's an unco' faut I wate :

But Nansy, 'tis nae matter.
 Ye see I clink my verse wi' rhyme,
 And ken ye, that atones the crime ;
 Forby, how sweet my numbers chime,
 And slide away like water.

I was ay telling you, &c.

Now ken, my reverend sonsy fair,
 Thy runckled cheeks and lyart hair,
 Thy haff shut een and hodling air,
 Are a' my passion's fewel.

Nae skyring gowk, my dear, can see,
 Or love, or grace, or heaven in thee ;
 Yet thou hast charms anew for me,
 Then smile, and be na cruel.

*Leez me on thy snawy pow,
 Lucky Nansy, Lucky Nansy,
 Dryest wood will eithest low,
 And Nansy sae will ye now.*

Troth I have sung the sang to you,
 Which ne'er anither bard wad do ;

Hear then my charitable vow,
Dear venerable Nansy,
But if the world my passion wrang,
And say, ye only live in sang,
Ken I despise a sland'ring tongue,
And sing to please my fancy.

Leez me on thy, &c.

BOB O' DUMBLANE.

RAMSAY, as usual, has modernized this song. The original, which I learned on the spot, from my old hostess in the principal inn there is—

Lassie, lend me your braw hemp heckle,
 And I'll lend you my thriplin-kame ;
 My heckle is broken, it canna be gotten,
 And we'll gae dance the bob o' Dumblane.

Twa gaed to the wood, to the wood, to the wood,
 Twa gaed to the wood—three came hame ;
 An' it be na weel bobbit, weel bobbit, weel bobbit,
 An' it be na weel bobbit, we'll bob it again.

I insert this song to introduce the following anecdote, which I have heard well authenticated. In the evening of the day of the battle of Dumblane (Sheriff Muir) when the action was over, a Scots officer in Argyle's army observed to his Grace, that he was afraid the rebels would give out to the world that they had gotten the victory.—“ Weel, weel,” returned his Grace, alluding to the foregoing ballad, “ if they think it be nae weel bobbit, we'll bob it again.”

THE following original Letter of Burns affords an additional proof of the interest which the Poet took in the ancient Minstrelsy of the West of Scotland.—Many compositions of this description he rescued from oblivion, and sent them to the *Scots Musical Museum*, and it appears to have been his design to recover all which were worthy of preservation. Several of them underwent his correction and emendation, as the subjoined unpublished extract from one of his letters will testify.—“The songs marked Z in the *Museum*, I have given to the world as old verses to their respective tunes; but, in fact, of a good many of them little more than the chorus is ancient, though there is no reason for telling every body this piece of intelligence.”

To William Tytler, Esq. of Woodhouselee.

Sir,

Inclosed I have sent you a sample of the old pieces that are still to be found among our peasantry in the West.—I had once a great many of these frag-

ments, and some of these here entire ; but as I had no idea then that any body cared for them, I have forgotten them. I invariably hold it sacrilege to add any thing of my own to help out with the shattered wrecks of these venerable old compositions ; but they have many various readings. If you have not seen these before, I know they will flatter your true old-style Caledonian feelings ; at any rate, I am truly happy to have an opportunity of assuring you how sincerely I am,

Revered Sir,

Your gratefully indebted humble servant,

ROBERT BURNS.

Lawn Market, Aug. 1790.

FRAGMENTS.

Tune—WILLIE'S RARE.

Nae birdies sang the mirky hour
 Amang the braes o'Yarrow,
 But slumber'd on the dewy boughs
 To wait the waukening morrow.

Where shall I gang, my ain true love,
 Where shall I gang to hide me ;
 For weel ye ken, i' yere father's bow'r,
 It wad be death to find me.

O go you to yon tavern house,
 An' there count owre your lawin,*
 An' if I be a woman true,
 I'll meet you in the dawin'.

* *Lawin*—reckoning.

O he's gone to yon tavern house,
 An' ay he counted his lawin,
 An' ay he drank to her guid health,
 Was to meet him in the dawin'.

O he's gone to yon tavern house,
 An' counted owre his lawin,
 When in there cam' three armed men,
 To meet him in the dawin'.

O, woe be unto woman's wit,
 It has beguiled many!
 She promised to come hersel'
 But she sent three men to slay me!

* * *

Get up, get up, now sister Ann,
 I fear we've wrought you sorrow;
 Get up, ye'll find your true love slain,
 Among the banks of Yarrow.

She sought him east, she sought him west,
 She sought him braid and narrow,
 'Till in the clintin of a craig
 She found him drown'd in Yarrow.

She's ta'en three links of her yellow hair,
That hung down lang and yellow,
And she's tied it about sweet Willie's waist,
An' drawn him out of Yarrow.

* * *

I made my love a suit of clothes,
I clad him all in tartan,
But ere the morning sun arose
He was a' bluid to the gartan.

* * *

Cetera desunt.

ROB ROY.

Tune—A RUDE SET OF MILL MILL O

Rob Roy from the Highlands cam
 Unto the Lawlan' border,
 To steal awa a gay ladie,
 To haud his house in order :
 He cam owre the lock o' Lynn,
 Twenty men his arms did carry ;
 Himsel gaed in an' fand her out,
 Protesting he would marry.

O will ye gae wi' me, he says,
 Or will ye be my honey ;
 Or will ye be my wedded wife,
 For I love you best of any :
 I winna gae wi' you, she says,
 Nor will I be your honey ;
 Nor will I be your wedded wife,
 You love me for my money.

*

*

*

But he set her on a coal-black steed,
 Himsel lap on behind her ;
 An' he's awa to the Highland hills,
 Whare her frien's they canna find her.

[The song went on to narrate the forcing her to bed ;
 when the tune changes to something like " Jenny dang
 the weaver."]

* * *

Rob Roy was my father ca'd,
 Macgregor was his name, ladie ;
 He led a band o' heroes bauld,
 An' I am here the same ladie.
 Be content, be content,
 Be content to stay, ladie ;
 For thou art my wedded wife
 Until thy dying day, ladie.

He was a hedge unto his frien's,
 A heckle to his foes, ladie ;
 Every one that durst him wrang,
 He took him by the nose, ladie.

I'm as bold, I'm as bold,
 I'm as bold, an' more, ladie ;
 He that daurs dispute my word
 Shall feel my guid claymore, lady.*

* The history of Rob Roy the reader may find at great length in Maclaurin's Criminal Trials. He was the son of the Rob Roy Macgregor who figures in the Rebellion, 1715. The short account of him is this. He was outlawed by sentence of the Court of Justiciary in Scotland, in 1736, for not appearing to stand trial for the murder of a man of the name of Maclaren. In this state of outlawry, he formed the mad and desperate project of carrying off and forcibly accomplishing a marriage with Jane Key, heiress of Edinbelly, and thus getting possession of her estate. He and his brother James Macgregor, at the head of a band of armed ruffians, entered her mother's house, dragged her out, and tying her, hand and foot with ropes, laid her across a horse, and brought her in this situation to the house of one of their clan, in a wild and sequestered part of the mountains of Argyleshire; where, after some show of a marriage ceremony, she was put to bed, and forcibly compelled to submit to his embraces.

On a discovery of the place of her concealment she was rescued by her relations, and Rob Roy, and his brother James, were tried capitally for the crime. James made his escape from prison before sentence, was outlawed in consequence, and some years afterwards obtained a pardon. Rob Roy was condemned and executed, February, 1753.

BONNIE DUNDEE.*

O whare gat ye that hauver-meal bannock,
 O silly blind bodie, O dinna ye see!
 I got it frae a sodger laddie,
 Between Saint Johnstone and bonnie Dundee.
 O gin I saw the laddie that gae me't!
 Aft has he doudl'd me on his knee:
 May heav'n protect my bonnie Scotch laddie,
 And sen' him safe hame to his babie and me!

* This song was accompanied by the following laconic epistle.

" Dear Cleghorn,

" You will see by the above that I have added a stanza to
 ' Bonnie Dundee: ' If you think it will do, you may set it
 agoing

 ' Upon a ten-string instrument
 ' And on the Psaltery——'

R. B.

" Mr. Cleghorn,

 " Farmer—God bless the trade."

May blessins light on thy sweet, wee lippie !

May blessins light on thy bonnie ee-bree !

Thou smiles sae like my sodger laddie,

Thou's dearer, dearer ay to me !

But I'll big a bow'r on yon bonnie banks,

Whare Tay rins wimplan by sae clear ;

An' I'll cleed thee in the tartan fine,

An' mak thee a man like thy daddie dear !

YOUNG HYNHORN.

(To its own Tune.)

Near Edinburgh was a young son born,
 Hey lilelu an' a how low lan',
 An' his name it was called young Hynhorn,
 An' its hey down down deedle airo.

Seven long years he served the king,
 Hey, &c.
 An' it's a' for the sake of his daughter Jean.
 An' it's hey, &c.

The king an angry man was he,
 He send young Hynhorn to the sea.

* * *

An' on his finger she put a ring.

* * *

When your ring turns pale and wan,
 Then I'm in love wi' another man.

* * *

Upon a day he look'd at his ring,
It was as pale as any thing.

He's left the sea, an' he's come to the lan',
An' there he met an auld beggar man.

What news, what news, my auld beggar man,
What news, what news by sea or by lan'.

Nae news, nae news, the auld beggar said,
But the king's dochter Jean is going to be wed.

Cast aff, cast aff thy auld beggar-weed,
An' I'll gie thee my gude gray steed.

* * *

When he cam to our guid king's yet,
He sought a glass o' wine for young Hynhorn's sake.

He drank out the wine an' he put in the ring,
An' he bade them carry't to the king's dochter Jean.

* * *

O gat ye't by sea, or gat ye't by lan',
Or gat ye't aff a dead man's han'?

I gat na't by sea, I gat na't by lan',
But I gat it out of your own han'.

* * *

Go take away my bridal gown,
An' I'll follow him frae town to town.

Ye need na leave your bridal gown,
For I'll make ye ladie o' mony a town.

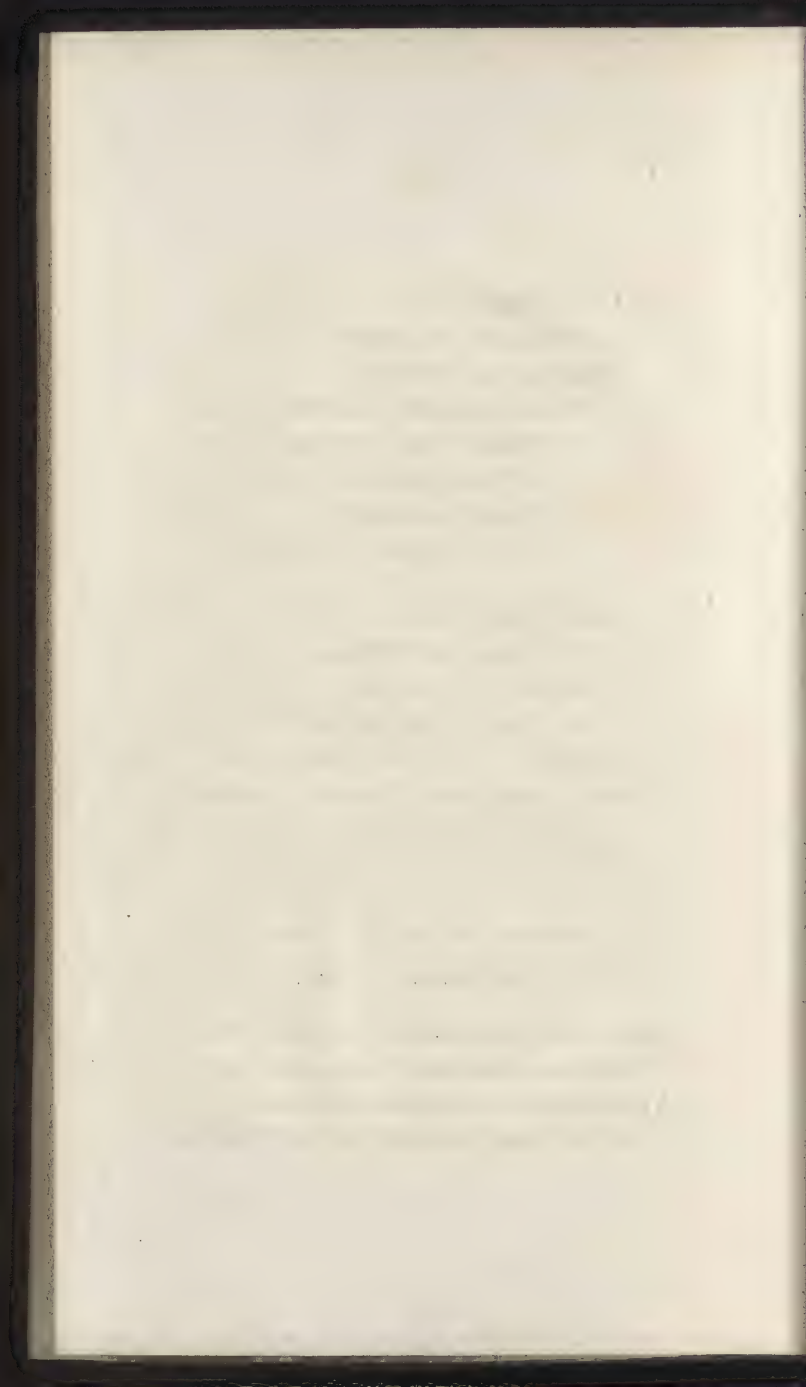
Lanely night comes on,
 A' the house are sleeping,
 I think on the bonie lad
 That has my heart a keeping.
When I sleep I dream,
When I wauk I'm eirie;
Sleep I canna get,
For thinkin' o' my dearie.

Lanely night comes on,
 A' the house are sleeping,
 I think on my bonie lad,
 An I bleer my een wi' greetin!
Ay wauken, O, wauken ay and wearie!
Sleep I canna get, for thinkin o' my dearie.

STANZA OF AN OLD SONG.

Tune—BONNIE DUNDEE.

Ye're like to the timmer o' yon rotten wood,
 Ye're like to the bark o' yon rotten tree;
 Ye slip frae me like a knotless thread,
 An' ye'll crack your credit wi' mae than me.



AMONG the MS. papers of Burns, that fell into the hands of the Editor, was one containing memoranda of Songs that he intended to illustrate with his remarks. In the number are noticed the fine ballad of '*Donocht Head*,' and also the ballad of '*Watty and Meg*.' As the first is but little known in England, and the other not known at all, though it is so popular in Scotland, the Editor avails himself of the present opportunity to present them to his readers,

DONOCHT-HEAD.

Tune—GORDON CASTLE.

Keen blows the wind o'er Donocht-Head,*

The snaw drives snelly thro' the dale,
The Gaberlunzie tirls my sneck,
And shivering tells his waefu' tale.

" Cauld is the night, O let me in,
" And dinna let your minstrel fa',
" And dinna let his windin-sheet
" Be naething but a wreath o' snaw !

* A mountain in the North.

" Full ninety winters hae I seen,
 " And pip'd where gor-cocks whirring flew,
 " And mony a day ye've danc'd, I ween,
 " To lilts which frae my drone I blew."
 My Eppie wak'd, and soon she cry'd,
 " Get up, Guidman, and let him in;
 " For weel ye ken the winter night
 " Was short when he began his din."

My Eppie's voice, O wow it's sweet!
 E'en tho' she bans and scaulds awae;
 But when it's tun'd to sorrow's tale,
 O haith, it's doubly dear to me!
 Come in, auld Carl! I'll steer my fire,
 I'll mak it bleeze a bonie flame;
 Your blude is thin, ye've tint the gate,
 Ye should na stray sae far frae hame.

" Nae hame have I," the minstrel said,
 " Sad party strife o'erturn'd my ha';
 " And, weeping at the eve o' life,
 " I wander thro' a wreath o' snaw.*

* * * *

* This affecting poem was long attributed to Burns. He thus remarks on it. "*Donocht-Head* is not mine: I would give ten pounds it were. It appeared first in the *Edinburgh Herald*; and came to the editor of that paper with the *Newcastle* post-mark on it."

WATTY AND MEG.

THE reader is here presented with an exquisite picture from low life, drawn with all the fidelity and exactness of Teniers, or Ostade, and enlivened with the humour of Hogarth. The story excites as much interest as if it had been written in a dramatic form, and really represented. The interest heightens as it proceeds, and is supported with wonderful spirit to the close of the poem.

It must have been in no small degree gratifying to the feelings of the author, who published it anonymously, that during a rapid sale of seven or eight editions, the public universally ascribed it to the pen of Burns. The author of 'Will and Jean,' or 'Scotland's Scaith,' had the candour to acknowledge to the Editor that he was indebted to this exquisite poem for the foundation of that popular performance.

WATTY AND MEG;*

OR THE

WIFE REFORMED.

 BY ALEXANDER WILSON.

We dream in Courtship, but in Wedlock wake.—POPE.

Keen the frosty winds war blawin',
 Deep the snaw had wreath'd the ploughs,
 Watty, weary'd a' day sawin',†
 Daunert down to Mungo Blue's.

* The following sketch of the life of the author of this striking performance has been communicated in the most obliging manner, by Mr. James Brown, manufacturer, at Paisley:

"Alexander Wilson, author of *Watty and Meg*, was born at Paisley, in the year 1766. His father, intending him for the medical profession, gave him as good an education as his trade of a weaver would allow. He, however, entered into a second marriage, which put an end to this scheme, unfortunately for
 young

† Sawing timber.

Dryster Jock was sitting cracky,
 Wi' Pate Tamson o' the Hill,
 "Come awa'," quo' Johnny, "Watty!
 "Haith! we'se ha'e anither gill."

Watty, glad to see Jock Jabos,
 And sae mony nei'bours roun',
 Kicket frae his shoon the sna' ba's,
 Syne ayont the fire sat down.

young Wilson, who at the age of thirteen was put to the loom. After an apprenticeship of five years, he became his own master; but his eager passion for reading poetry and novels, absorbed most of his time, and left him in a state of constant penury. In the year 1786 he gave up his occupation, and travelled the country as a pedlar. In 1790 he settled again in Paisley, and published a volume of poems and a journal of his excursions, which meeting with poor success, involved him further in pecuniary difficulties. He again returned to the loom; but his favourite literary pursuits still engrossed his attention, and the society of the young and thoughtless of his own age consumed his time and exhausted his means of support.

Soon after the publication of his poems he became the dupe of a worthless fellow, who had been vainly endeavouring to sell them, and who persuaded him to write a satire, with a view to relieve himself from his embarrassments. The poem being on a popular subject, sold rapidly; but his friend's advice led him beyond the safe bounds of satire, and he incurred a prosecution,
 by

Owre a boord, wi' bannocks heaped,
 Cheese, an' stoups, an' glasses stood;
 Some war roarin', ithers sleepit,
 Ithers quietly chewt their cude.

Jock was sellin' Pate some tallow,
 A' the rest a racket hel',
 A' but Watty, wha, poor fallow,
 Sat and smoket by himsel'.

by which he suffered severely. The remembrance of this misfortune dwelt upon his mind, and rendered him dissatisfied with his country.

Another cause of Wilson's dejection was the rising fame of Burns, and the indifference of the public to his own productions. He may be said to have envied the Ayrshire bard, and to this envy may be attributed his best production, "Watty and Meg," which he wrote at Edinburgh in 1793. He sent it to Nielson, printer, at Paisley, who had suffered by the publication of his former poems. As it was, by the advice of his friends, published anonymously, it was generally ascribed to Burns, and went rapidly through seven or eight editions. Wilson, however, shared no part of the profits, willing to compensate for the former losses his publisher had sustained.

Tired of a country in which the efforts of his genius had been rendered abortive by juvenile indiscretions, and apprehensive that these might operate as a bar to his future advancement, he resolved in the year 1794 or 1795 to embark for America, which
 his

Mungo fill'd him up a toothfu',
 Drank his health and Meg's in ane;
 Watty, puffin' out a mouthfu',
 Pledg'd him wi' a dreary grane.

"What's the matter, Watty, wi' you?
 "Trowth your chafts are fa'ing in!
 "Something's wrang—I'm vext to see you—
 "Gudesake! but ye're desp'rate thin!"

his warm fancy and independent spirit had taught him to regard as the land of liberty. To procure money for his passage he laboured with incessant industry, and having accumulated a sufficient sum, he took his departure. He settled in the state of Pennsylvania, where he remained four or five years as a teacher, and was afterwards employed for about the same length of time as a land surveyor. He then became connected with Mr. Samuel Bradford, bookseller and stationer, of Philadelphia, in the capacity of editor. He is now engaged in an extensive work entitled, "American Ornithology." In pursuit of subjects for this performance he has actually traversed a great part of the United States, and has been enabled to pursue his favourite diversion of shooting. He kills the birds, draws their figures, and describes them.

The following poetical description of the *Blue Bird* presents a very animated and pleasing picture of American scenery and seasons, while the slight tincture of Scottish expression which here and there appears adds to the naïveté of the diction.

" Aye," quo' Watty, " things are alter'd,
 " But it's past redemption now,
 " O! I wish I had been halter'd
 " When I marry'd Maggy Howe!

 " I've been poor, and vext, and raggy,
 " Try'd wi' troubles no that sma';
 " Them I bore—but marrying Maggy
 " Laid the cape-stane o' them a'.

ON THE BLUE BIRD.

When winter's cold tempests and snows are no more,
 Green meadows and brown-furrow'd lands re-appearing:
 The fishermen hauling their shad to the shore,
 And cloud-cleaving geese to the lakes are a-steering,
 When first the lone butterfly flits on the wing,
 When red glow the maples, so fresh and so pleasing,
 O then comes the blue-bird, the herald of spring,
 And hails with his warblings the charms of the season.

Then loud piping frogs make the marshes to ring,
 Then warm glows the sunshine, and fine is the weather,
 The blue woodland flowers just beginning to spring,
 And spicewood and sassafras budding together;
 O then to your gardens, ye housewives, repair,
 Your walks border up, sow and plant at your leisure,
 The blue-bird will chant from his box such an air,
 That all your hard toils will seem truly a pleasure.

He

" Night and day she's ever yelpin',
 " Wi' the weans she ne'er can gree;
 " Whan she's tir'd wi' perfect skelpin',
 " Then she flees like fire on me.

" See ye, Mungo ! when she'll clash on
 " Wi' her everlasting clack,
 " Whiles I've had my nieve, in passion,
 " Liftet up to break her back !"

He flits through the orchard, he visits each tree,
 The red flowering peach, and the apples' sweet blossoms,
 He snaps up destroyers wherever they be,
 And seizes the caitiffs that lurk in their bosoms;
 He drags the vile grub from the corn it devours,
 The worms from their beds, where they riot and welter,
 His song and his services freely are ours,
 And all that he asks is in summer a shelter.

The ploughman is pleased when he gleans in his train,
 Now searching the furrows, now mounting to cheer him
 The gardener delights in his sweet simple strain,
 And leans on his spade to survey and to hear him;
 The slow ling'ring school-boys forget they'll be chid,
 While gazing intent as he warbles before 'em,
 In mantle of sky blue, and bosom so red,
 That each little loiterer seems to adore him.

When

‘ O! for gudesake, keep frae cuffets!’

Mungo shook his head and said,

‘ Weel I ken what sort o’ life it’s;

‘ Ken ye, Watty, how I did?’

‘ After Bess and I war kippl’d,

‘ Soon she grew like ony bear,

‘ Brak’ my shins, and, when I tippl’d,

‘ Harl’d out my very hair!

When all the gay scenes of the summer are o’er,
And autumn slow enters, so silent and fallow,
And millions of warblers that charm’d us before
Have fled in the train of the sun-seeking swallow;
The blue-bird forsaken, yet true to his home,
Still lingers and looks for a milder to-morrow,
’Till forc’d by the horrors of winter to roam,
He sings his adieu in a lone note of sorrow.

While spring’s lovely season, serene, dewy, warm,
The green face of earth, and the pure blue of heaven,
Or love’s native music have influence to charm,
Or sympathy’s glow to our feelings are given;
Still dear to each bosom the blue-bird shall be,
His voice like the thrillings of hope is a treasure,
For thro’ bleakest storms, if a calm he but see,
He comes to remind us of sunshine and pleasure.

‘ For a *wee* I quietly knuckl’d,
 ‘ But whan naething wad prevail,
 ‘ Up my claes and cash I buckl’d,
 ‘ *Bess! for ever fare ye weel.*

‘ Then her din grew less and less ay,
 ‘ Haith I gart her change her tune :
 ‘ Now a better wife than Bessy
 ‘ Never stept in leather shoon.

‘ Try this, Watty.—Whan ye see her
 ‘ Ragin’ like a roarin’ flood,
 ‘ Swear *that moment* that ye’ll lea’ her ;
 ‘ That’s the way to keep her gude.’

Laughing, sangs, and lasses’ skirls,
 Echo’d now out thro’ the roof,
 DONE! quo’ Pate, and syne his arls
 Nail’d the Dryster’s wauket loof.

I’ the thrang o’ stories telling,
 Shaking han’s, and joking queer,
 Swith! a chap comes on the hallan,
 “ Mungo! is our Watty here?”

Maggy’s weel-kent tongue and hurry,
 Dartet thro’ him like a knife,
 Up the door flew—like a fury,
 In came Watty’s scaulin’ wife.

“ Nesty, gude-for-naething being !

“ O ye snuffly drucken sow !

“ Bringin’ wife an’ weans to ruin,

“ Drinkin’ here wi’ sic a crew !

“ Devil nor your legs war broken !

“ Sic a life nae flesh endures—

“ Toilin’ like a slave, to sloken

“ You, ye dyvor, and your ’hores !

“ Rise ! ye drucken beast o’ Bethel !

“ Drink’s your night and day’s desire :

“ Rise, this precious hour ! or faith I’ll

“ Fling your whisky i’ the fire !”

Watty heard her tongue unhallow’d,

Pay’d his groat wi’ little din,

Left the house, while Maggy fallow’d,

Flyting a’ the road behin’.

Fowk frae every door cam’ lampin’,

Maggy curst them ane and a’,

Clappit wi’ her han’s, and stampin’,

Lost her bauchels i’ the sna’.

Hame, at length, she turn’d the gavel,

Wi’ a face as white’s a clout,

Ragin’ like a very devil,

Kicken stools and chairs about.

" Ye'll sit wi' your limmers round you!
 " Hang you, Sir! I'll be your death!
 " Little hauds my han's confound you!
 " But I cleave you to the teeth."

Watty, wha midst this oration
 Ey'd her whiles, but durstna speak,
 Sat like patient Resignation
 Trem'ling by the ingle cheek.

Sad his wee drap brose he sippet,
 Maggy's tongue gaed like a bell,
 Quietly to his bed he slippet,
 Sighin' af'n to himsel'.

" Nane are free frae *some* vexation,
 " Ilk ane has his ills to dree;
 " But thro' a' the hale creation
 " Is a mortal vext like me!"

A' night lang he rowt and gauntet,
 Sleep or rest he cou'dna tak;
 Maggy, aft wi' horror hauntet,
 Mum'lin' startet at his back.

Soon as e'er the morning peepet,
 Up raise Watty, waefu' chiel,
 Kiss'd his weanies while they sleepet,
 Waken't Meg, and saught fareweel.

“ Fareweel, Meg!—And, O! may Heav’n

“ Keep you ay within his care :

“ Watty’s heart ye’ve lang been grievin’,

“ Now he’ll never fash you mair.

“ Happy cou’d I been beside you,

“ Happy baith at morn and e’en :

“ A’ the ills did e’er betide you,

“ Watty ay turn’d out your frien’.

“ But ye ever like to see me

“ Vext and sighin’, late and air.—

“ Fareweel, Meg! I’ve sworn to lea’ thee,

“ So thou’ll never see me mair.”

Meg a’ sabbin’, sae to lose him,

Sic a change had never wist,

Held his han’ close to her bosom,

While her heart was like to burst.

“ O my Watty, will ye lea’ me,

“ Frien’less, helpless, to despair!

“ O! for this ae time forgi’e me :

“ Never will I vex you mair.”

“ Aye, ye’ve aft said *that*, and broken

“ A’ your vows ten times a-week.

“ No, no, Meg! See!—there’s a token

“ Glitt’ring on my bonnet cheek.

" Owre the seas I march this morning,
 " Listet, testet, sworn an' a',
 " Forc'd by your confounded girning ;
 " Fareweel, Meg! for I'm awa."

Then poor Maggy's tears and clamour
 Gusht afresh, and louder grew,
 While the weans, wi' mournfu' yaumer
 Round their sabbin' mother flew.

" Thro' the yirth I'll wauner wi' you—
 " Stay, O Watty! stay at hame ;
 " Here upo' my knees I'll gi'e you
 " Ony vow ye like to name.

" See your poor young lammies pleadin',
 " Will ye gang an' break our heart ?
 " No a *house* to put our head in !
 " No a *frien'* to take our part."

Ilka word came like a bullet,
 Watty's heart begoud to shake ;
 On a kist he laid his wallet,
 Dightet baith his een and spake.

" If ance mair I cou'd by writing,
 " Lea' the sodgers and stay still,
 " Wad you swear to drap your flyting?"
 " Yes, O Watty! yes, I will!"

“ Then,” quo’ Watty, “ mind, be honest :

“ Ay to keep your temper strive ;

“ Gin ye break this dreadfu’ promise,

“ Never mair expect to thrive.

“ Marget Howe ! this hour ye solemn

“ Swear by every thing that’s gude

“ Ne’er again your spouse to scaul’ him,

“ While life warms your heart and blood :

“ That ye’ll ne’er in Mungo’s seek me,—

“ Ne’er put *drucken* to my name—

“ Never out at e’ning steek me—

“ Never gloom when I come hame :

“ That ye’ll ne’er, like Bessy Miller,

“ Kick my shins, or rug my hair—

“ Lastly, *I’m to keep the siller,*

“ This upo’ your saul ye swear ?

“ Oh !”—quo’ Meg, “ Aweel,” quo’ Watty,

“ Fareweel !—faith I’ll try the seas.”

“ O stan’ still,” quo’ Meg, and grat ay ;

“ Ony, ony way ye please.”

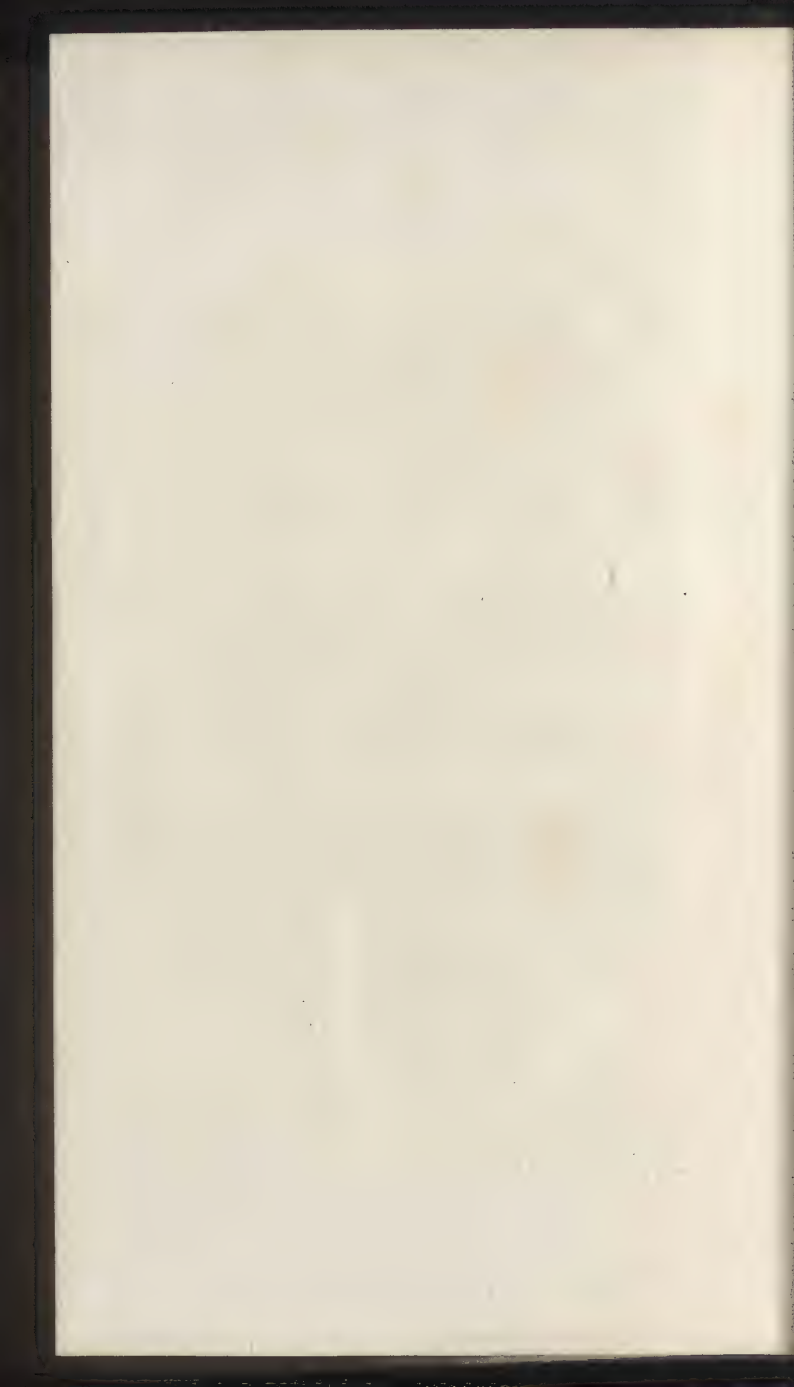
Maggy syne, because he prest her,

Swore to a’ thing owre again :

Watty lap, and danc’d and kiss’d her ;

Wow ! but he was won’rous fain.

Down he threw his staff victorious ;
Aff gaed bonnet, claes, and shoon ;
Syne aneath the blankets, glorious !
Held anither Hinny-Moon.



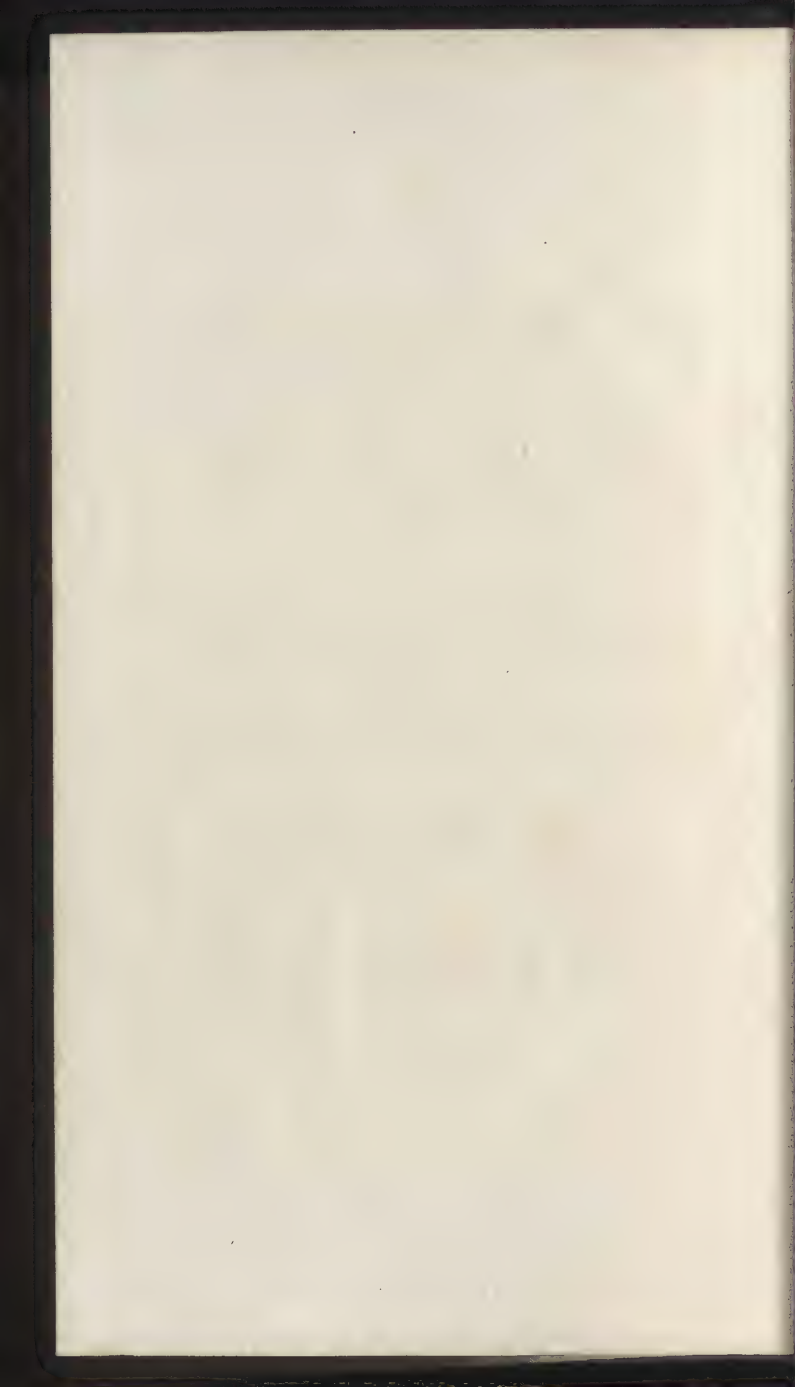
THE JOLLY BEGGARS;

OR,

LOVE AND LIBERTY:

A CANTATA.

BY ROBERT BURNS.



THE JOLLY BEGGARS.

THIS spirited and humorous effusion fell into the hands of the Editor while engaged in collecting the '*Reliques*' of Burns. Notwithstanding its various and striking merits, he was compelled to withhold it from publication by the same motives which induced Dr. Currie to suppress it; but in so doing he has, to his surprise, incurred censure instead of approbation. Mr. Walter Scott, in an elaborate essay on the Genius of Burns, has thought proper to introduce the following remarks :—

“ Yet applauding, as we do most highly applaud, the leading principles of Dr. Currie's selection, we are aware that they sometimes led him into fastidious and over-delicate rejection of the bard's most spirited and happy effusions. A thin octavo, published at Glasgow in 1801, under the title of '*Poems ascribed to Robert Burns, the Ayrshire bard,*' furnishes valuable proofs of this assertion. It contains, among a good deal of rubbish, some of his most brilliant poetry. A cantata in particular, called *The Jolly Beggars*, for humorous de-

scription and nice discrimination of character, is inferior to no poem of the same length in the whole range of English poetry. The scene, indeed, is laid in the very lowest department of low life, the actors being a set of strolling vagrants, met to carouse, and barter their rags and plunder for liquor in a hedge ale-house. Yet even in describing the movements of such a group, the native taste of the poet has never suffered his pen to slide into any thing coarse or disgusting. The extravagant glee and outrageous frolic of the beggars are ridiculously contrasted with their maimed limbs, rags, and crutches—the sordid and squalid circumstances of their appearance are judiciously thrown into the shade. Nor is the art of the poet less conspicuous in the individual figures, than in the general mass. The festive vagrants are distinguished from each other by personal appearance and character, as much as any fortuitous assembly in the higher orders of life. The group, it must be observed, is of Scottish character, and doubtless our northern brethren* are more familiar with its varieties than we are: yet the distinctions are too well marked to escape even the South’ron. The most

*‘Our northern *brethren*.’ In order to preserve consistency, Mr. Scott is obliged to disclaim his country, and to resort to a *ruse de guerre*, for the purpose of misleading his readers. To what humiliating shifts must a man stoop who lets out his pen for hire. He appears here like a Scotchman at a masquerade, endeavouring to support an English character; “His speech bewrayeth him.”

prominent persons are a maimed soldier and his female companion; a hackneyed follower of the camp, a stroller, late the consort of an Highland ketterer or sturdy beggar,—‘but weary fa’ the waefu’ woodie!’—Being now at liberty, she becomes an object of rivalry between a ‘pigmy scraper with his fiddle’ and a strolling tinker. The latter, a desperate bandit, like most of his profession, terrifies the musician out of the field, and is preferred by the damsel of course. A wandering ballad-singer, with a brace of doxies, is last introduced upon the stage. Each of these mendicants sings a song in character, and such a collection of humorous lyrics, connected by vivid poetical description, is not, perhaps, to be paralleled in the English language.—As the collection and the poem are very little known in England, we transcribe the concluding ditty, chaunted by the ballad-singer at the request of the company, whose ‘mirth and fun have now grown fast and furious,’ and set them above all sublunary terrors of jails, stocks, and whipping-posts. It is certainly far superior to any thing in the Beggars’ Opera, where alone we could expect to find its parallel.

“We are at a loss to conceive any good reason why Dr. Currie did not introduce this singular and humorous cantata into his collection. It is true, that in one or two passages the muse has trespassed slightly upon decorum, where, in the language of Scottish song,

“High kilted was she,
“As she gaed owre the lea.”

Something, however, is to be allowed to the nature of the subject, and something to the education of the poet: and if from veneration to the names of Swift and Dryden, we tolerate the grossness of the one, and the indelicacy of the other, the respect due to that of Burns, may surely claim indulgence for a few light strokes of broad humour. The same collection contains 'Holy Willie's Prayer,' a piece of satire more exquisitely severe than any which Burns afterwards wrote, but unfortunately cast in a form too daringly profane to be received into Dr. Currie's Collection.

"Knowing that these, and hoping that other compositions of similar spirit and tenor might yet be recovered, we were induced to think that some of them, at least, had found a place in the collection given to the public by Mr. Cromek. But he has neither risked the censure, nor laid claim to the applause, which might have belonged to such an undertaking."

A critique so highly commendatory, from the pen of one whose judgment in poetical matters is of great authority, must have excited the curiosity of the public with respect to the poem, and may avail as a licence for its insertion here. The Editor, however, must avow, that he still feels the full force of his former scruples, and that he waves them only in deference

to the general respect which is paid to the opinion of so eminent a critic.

At the same time, it is a matter of satisfaction to him to find a resting place for this genuine offspring of the Muse of Burns, which has long been wandering uncertain of a home, and has often appeared with other pieces of inferior merit, erroneously ascribed to him.

THE JOLLY BEGGARS.*

RECITATIVO.

When lyart leaves bestrow the yird,
 Or wavering like the Bauckie-bird,
 Bedim cauld Boreas' blast;
 When hailstones drive wi' bitter skyte,
 And infant frosts begin to bite,
 In hoary cranreuch drest;
 Ae night at e'en a merry core
 O' randie, gangrel bodies,
 In Posie-Nansie's held the splore,
 To drink their orra duddies :

* The present copy is printed from a MS. by Burns, in 4to, belonging to Mr. T. Stewart, of Greenock. This gentleman first introduced it to the public,—*Ed.*

Wi' quaffing, and laughing,
 They ranted an' they sang;
 Wi' jumping an' thumping,
 The vera girdle rang.

First, neist the fire, in auld, red rags,
 Ane sat; weel brac'd wi' mealy bags,
 And knapsack a' in order;
 His doxy lay within his arm,
 Wi' *usquebae* an' blankets warm,
 She blinket on her sodger:
 An' ay he gies the tozie drab
 The tither skelpan kiss,
 While she held up her greedy gab
 Just like an aumous dish:
 Ilk smack still, did crack still,
 Just like a cadger's whip;
 Then staggering, an' swaggering,
 He roar'd this ditty up—

AIR.

Tune—SOLDIER'S JOY.

I.

I am a son of Mars, who have been in many wars,
 And shew my cuts and scars wherever I come;

This here was for a wench, and that other in a trench,
When welcoming the French at the sound of the
drum.

Lal de daudle, &c.

II.

My prenticeship I past where my *leader* breath'd
his last,
When the bloody die was cast on the heights of
Abram;
I served out my *trade* when the gallant *game* was
play'd,
And the *Moro* low was laid at the sound of the
drum.

III.

I lastly was with Curtis, among the *floating batt'ries*,
And there I left for witness, an arm and a limb;
Yet let my country need me, with *Elliot* to head me,
I'd clatter on my stumps at the sound of a drum.

IV.

And now tho' I must beg, with a wooden arm and
leg,
And many a tatter'd rag hanging over my bum,

I'm as happy with my wallet, my bottle and my
 callet,*
 As when I us'd in scarlet to follow a drum.

V.

What tho', with hoary locks, I must stand the winter
 shocks,
 Beneath the woods and rocks oftentimes for a home,
 When the tother bag I sell, and the tother bottle tell,
 I could meet a troop of hell at the sound of a *drum*.

RECITATIVO.

He ended ; and the kebars sheuk
 Aboon the chorus roar ;
 While frichted rattons backward leuk,
 An' seek the benmost bore :
 A Merry Andrew i' the neuk,
 He skirl'd out, *encore* !
 But up arose the martial *chuck*,
 An' laid the loud uproar.

AIR.

Tune—SODGER LADDIE.

I.

I once was a maid, tho' I cannot tell when,
 And still my delight is in proper young men :

* *Callet*, a Soldier's Drab, or Trull.

Some one of a troop of *dragoons* was my daddie,
No wonder I'm fond of a *sodger laddie*.

Sing, *Lal de dal*, &c.

II.

The first of my *loves* was a swaggering blade,
To rattle the thundering drum was his trade ;
His leg was so tight and his cheek was so ruddy,
Transported was I with my *sodger laddie*.

III.

But the godly old chaplain left him in the lurch,
The sword I forsook for the sake of the church ;
He ventur'd the *soul*, and I risked the *body*,
'Twas then I prov'd false to my *sodger laddie*.

IV.

Full soon I grew sick of my sanctified *sot*,
The regiment at *large* for a *husband* I got ;
From the gilded *spontoon* to the *fife* I was ready,
I asked no more but a *sodger laddie*.

V.

But the *peace* it reduc'd me to beg in despair,
Till I met my old boy at a *Cunningham* fair ;
His *rags regimental* they flutter'd so gaudy,
My heart it rejoic'd at a *sodger laddie*.

VI.

And now I have lived—I know not how long,
 And still I can join in a cup and a song :
 But whilst with both hands I can hold the glass
 steady,
 Here's to thee, my *hero*, my *sodger laddie*.
 Sing, *Lal de dal*, &c.

RECITATIVO.

Poor Merry Andrew, in the neuk
 Sat guzzling wi' a tinkler hizzie ;
 They mind't na wha the chorus teuk,
 Between themsels they were sae busy.
 At length wi' drink and courting dizzy,
 He stoiter'd up an' made a face ;
 Then turn'd an' laid a smack on Grizzly,
 Syne tun'd his pipes wi' grave grimace.

AIR.

Tune—AULD SIR SIMON.

Sir Wisdom's a fool when he's fou,
 Sir Knave is a fool in a session ;
 He's there but a prentice, I trow,
 But I am a fool by profession.

My Grannie she bought me a beuk,
 An' I held awa to the school;
 I fear I my talent misteuk,
 But what will ye hae of a fool.

For drink I would venture my neck;
 A hizzie's the half of my craft;
 But what could ye other expect
 Of ane that's avowedly daft.

I ance was ty'd up like a stirk,
 For civilly swearing and quaffing;
 I ance was abus'd i' the Kirk,
 For towzing a lass i' my daffin.

Poor Andrew that tumbles for sport,
 Let naebody name wi' a jeer;
 There's ev'n, I'm tauld, i' the court,
 A *Tumbler* ca'd the *Premier*.

Observ'd ye yon reverend lad
 Mak faces to tickle the mob;
 He rails at our mountebank squad,
 It's *rivalship* just i' the job.

And now my conclusion I'll tell,
 For faith I'm confoundedly dry,
 The chiel that's a fool for himsel,
 Guid L—d, he's far dafter than I.

RECITATIVO.

Then neist outspak a raucle carlin,
 Wha kent fu' weel to cleek the sterlin';
 For mony a pursie she had hooked,
 An' had in mony a well been douked :
 Her Love had been a *Highland laddie*,
 But weary fa' the waefu' woodie!
 Wi' sighs and sobs she thus began
 To wail her braw *John Highlandman*.

AIR.

Tune—O AN YE WERE DEAD GUDEMAN.

I.

A highland lad my *love* was born,
 The Lalland laws he held in scorn;
 But he still was faithfu' to his clan,
 My gallant, braw *John Highlandman*!

CHORUS.

Sing hey my braw John Highlandman!
Sing ho my braw John Highlandman!
There's not a lad in a' the lan'
Was match for my John Highlandman!

II.

With his philibeg an' tartan plaid,
 An' guid claymore down by his side,
 The ladies' hearts he did trepan,
 My gallant, braw *John Highlandman*.

Sing, hey, &c.

III.

We ranged a' from Tweed to Spey,
 An' liv'd like lords an' ladies gay;
 For a lalland face he feared none,
 My gallant, braw *John Highlandman*.

Sing, hey, &c.

IV.

They banish'd him beyond the sea,
 But ere the bud was on the tree,
 Adown my cheeks the pearls ran,
 Embracing my *John Highlandman*.

Sing, hey, &c.

V.

But och! they catch'd him at the last,
 And bound him in a dungeon fast;
 My curse upon them every one,
 They've hang'd my braw *John Highlandman*.

Sing, hey, &c.

VI.

And now a widow I must mourn
 Departed joys that ne'er return;
 No comfort but a hearty can,
 When I think on *John Highlandman*.
Sing, hey, &c.

RECITATIVO.

A pigmy scraper wi' his fiddle,
 Wha us'd to trystes and fairs to driddle,
 Her strappen limb an' gausy middle,
(He reach'd nae higher,)
 Had hol'd his *heartie* like a riddle,
An' blawn't on fire.

W' hand on hainch, an' upward e'e,
 He croon'd his gamut, *one, two, three*,
 Then in an arioso key,
The wee Apollo
 Set off wi' *allegretto* glee
His *giga solo*.

AIR.

Tune—WHISTLE OWRE THE LAVE O'T.

Let me ryke up to dight that tear,
 An' go wi' me an' be my dear;
 An' then your every care and fear
 May whistle owre the lave o't.

CHORUS.

*I am a fiddler to my trade,
 An' a' the tunes that e'er I play'd,
 The sweetest still to wife or maid,
 Was, whistle owre the lave o't.*

II.

At kirns an' weddins we'se be there,
 An' O sae nicely's we will fare!
 We'll bowse about till Dadie Care
 Sing whistle owre the lave o't.

I am, &c.

III.

Sae merrily's the banes we'll pyke,
 An' sun oursells about the dyke;
 An' at our leisure when ye like
 We'll—whistle owre the lave o't.

I am, &c.

IV.

But bless me wi' your heav'n o' charms,
 And while I kittle hair on thairms,
Hunger, cauld, an' a' sic harms
 May whistle owre the lave o't.

I am, &c.

RECITATIVO.

Her charms had struck a sturdy *Caird*,
 As weel as poor *Gutscrapper* ;
 He taks the fiddler by the beard,
 An' draws a roosty rapier—
 He swoor by a' was swearing worth,
 To speet him like a pliver,
 Unless he would from that time forth
 Relinquish her for ever :

Wi' ghastly e'e, poor *tweedledee*,
 Upon his hunkers bended,
 An' pray'd for grace wi' ruefu' grace,
 An' so the quarrel ended ;
 But tho' his little heart did grieve,
 When round the *tinker* prest her,
 He feign'd to snirtle in his sleeve
 When thus the *Caird* address'd her.

AIR.

Tune—CLOUT THE CAUDRON.

I.

My bonie lass I work in brass,
 A tinkler is my station ;
 I've travell'd round all Christian ground
 In this my occupation ;
 I've ta'en the *gold*, I've been enroll'd
 In many a noble squadron ;
 But vain they search'd, when off I march'd
 To go an' clout the *caudron*.

I've ta'en the gold, &c.

II.

Despise that *shrimp*, that wither'd *imp*,
 With a' his noise an' caprin ;*
 An' take a share with those that bear
 The *budget* an' the *apron* !
 An' *by* that *stowp* ! my faith an' houe,
 An' *by* that dear Kilbaigie !

* Var.—

“ That monkey face, despise the race,
 Wi' a' their noise and cap'ring.”

If e'er ye want, or meet with scant,
 May I ne'er weet *my craigie*.
An' by that stowp, &c.

RECITATIVO.

The Caird prevail'd—th' unblushing fair
 In his embraces sunk ;
 Partly wi' *love* o'ercome sae sair,
 An' partly she was *drunk* :
 Sir *Violino*, with an air,
 That show'd a man o' spunk,
 Wish'd *unison* between the pair,
 An' made the bottle clunk
 To their health that night.

But hurchin Cupid shot a shaft,
 That play'd a *dame* a shavie—
 A Sailor

* * *
 * * *

Her *lord* a wight o' *Homer's** craft,
 Tho' limpan wi' the spavie,
 He hirpl'd up an' lap like daft,
 An' shor'd them *Dainty Davie*
 O'boot that night.

* Homer is allowed to be the oldest ballad-singer on record.

He was a care-defying blade,
 As ever Bacchus listed !
 Tho' fortune sair upon him laid,
 His *heart* she ever miss'd it :
 He had no *wish* but—to be glad,
 Nor *want* but—when he thristed ;
 He hated nought but—to be sad,
 An' thus the Muse suggested
 His sang that night.

AIR.

Tune—FOR A' THAT, AN' A' THAT.

I.

I am a *bard* of no regard
 Wi' gentle-folks, an' a' that ;
 But *Homer-like*, the glowran byke,
 Frae town to town I draw that.

CHORUS.

For a' that an' a' that,
 An' twice as muckle's a' that,
 I've lost but ane, I've twa behin',
 I've wife eneugh for a' that.

II.

I never drank the Muses' *stank*,
 Castalia's burn an' a' that ;
 But there it streams, an' richly reams,
 My *Helicon* I ca' that.
For a' that, &c.

III.

Great love I bear to all the *Fair*,
 Their humble slave, an' a' that ;
 But lordly *Will*, I hold it still
 A mortal sin to thraw that.
For a' that, &c.

IV.

In raptures sweet, this hour we meet,
 Wi' mutual love an' a' that ;
 But for how lang the *flie may stang*,
 Let *inclination* law that.
For a' that, &c.

V.

Their tricks an' craft hae put me daft,
 They've ta'en me in, an' a' that ;
 But clear your decks, an' here's *the Sex* !
 I like the jads for a' that.

For a' that an' a' that,
 An' twice as muckle's a' that,
 My dearest bluid, to do them guid,
 They're welcome till't for a' that.

RECITATIVO.

So sung the *Bard*—and Nansie's waws
 Shook with a thunder of applause
 Re-echo'd from each mouth!

They toom'd their pocks, they pawn'd their duds,
 They scarcely left to coor their fuds,
 To quench their lowan drouth.

Then owre again, the jovial thrang,
 The poet did request,
 To lowse his *pack* an' wale a sang,
 A *ballad* o' the best:

He, rising, rejoicing,
 Between his *two Deborahs*,
 Looks round him, an' found them*
 Impatient for the chorus.

* Var.—

Look'd round them, and found them.

AIR.

Tune—JOLLY MORTALS FILL YOUR GLASSES.

I.

See! the smoking bowl before us,
 Mark our jovial, ragged ring!
 Round and round take up the chorus,
 And in raptures let us sing—

CHORUS.

A fig for those by law protected!
Liberty's a glorious feast!
Courts for cowards were erected,
Churches built to please the priest.

II.

What is title, what is treasure,
 What is *reputation's* care?
 If we lead a life of pleasure,
 'Tis no matter *how* or *where*.
A fig, &c.

III.

With the ready trick and fable,
 Round we wander all the day;

And at night, in barn or stable,
Hug our doxies on the hay.

A fig, &c.

IV.

Does the train-attended *carriage*
Thro' the country lighter rove?
Does the sober bed of *marriage*
Witness brighter scenes of love?

A fig, &c.

V.

Life is all a *variorum*,
We regard not how it goes;
Let them cant about *decorum*
Who have character to lose.

A fig, &c.

VI.

Here's to *budgets, bags, and wallets!*
Here's to all the wandering train!
Here's our ragged *brats and callets!*
One and all cry out, *Amen!*

A fig for those by law protected,
Liberty's a glorious feast!

Courts for cowards were erected,
Churches built to please the priest!

IN Mr. Scott's remarks on the 'Jolly Beggars,' the reader will observe that he praises a thin volume published at Glasgow, as containing some of Burns's '*most brilliant* poetry.' — Whatever regard the Editor may have for the judgment of Mr. Walter Scott, he has a still greater respect for the good fame of Robert Burns; and he cannot suffer this erroneous statement to pass without correction. With the exception of the CANTATA, and HOLY WILLIE'S PRAYER, not *one* of the pieces in the volume above-mentioned can be considered as '*brilliant* poetry.' They consist either of rubbish, confessedly not his, or of sallies, of which, in Mr. Scott's own opinion, 'Justice to the living and to the dead, alike demanded the suppression.' It is lamentable to observe, that those effusions which the Bard himself would have consigned to oblivion, have been drawn into public notice by *his own countrymen only*; and (as evil communications seldom fail to corrupt good manners) in consequence of the recommendation here given to this contemptible volume, to this 'skimble-skamble stuff,' the Editor saw it,

Song, beginning, '*The Deil cam fiddling thro' the Town.*'
 Inserted in the *Reliques* of Burns.

Holy Willie's Prayer.—Suppressed by Dr. Currie, and by the Editor of the *Reliques*, for its open and daring profanity, and the frequent and familiar introduction of the sacred name of the Deity.

The *Inventory.*—Dr. Currie published this in his edition, but he had the good sense and delicacy to suppress the objectionable passages: they are here restored; and that the grossness might be still more palpable, they are conspicuously printed, for the benefit of the rising generation, in italics.

An Address to a bastard Child.—Rejected by Dr. Currie for its indelicacy.

Elegy on the Year 1788.—Printed in the *Reliques*.

Verses addressed to John Rankin, beginning, '*Ae day as death that gruesome carl,*' &c. Inserted in the *Reliques*.

Verses addressed to the above Johnie Rankin, on his writing to the Poet 'that a girl in the part of the country in which he lived *was with child by him!*'

With several other pieces of this cast, equally 'brilliant' and edifying; and some tributary verses by various hands.

Such are the contents of a volume which has been praised in a publication assuming an authority to control the licentiousness of the press, and to direct the taste of the public! But *blasphemy* and *ribaldry* will not be published by the Editor of these volumes, though written in an *unhallowed* moment by *Robert Burns*; and recommended to public notice, after *the most mature deliberation*, by *Mr. Walter Scott*.



NOTES TO THE JOLLY BEGGARS.

SUCH a motley group of vagrants as Burns has so happily described, may yet be found in many districts of Scotland. There are houses of rendezvous where the maimed supplicating soldier, the travelling ballad-singing fiddler, the sturdy wench, with hands ever ready to steal the pittance when it is not bestowed; the rough black-haired tinker, with his soldering irons and pike-staff, and all the children of pretended misfortune, assemble on a Saturday night to pawn their stolen clothes, to sell their begged meal, and on their produce to hold merriment and revelry.

The gypsies, or tinkers, form themselves into gangs or parties, roaming from parish to parish, hanging loose on the skirts of society. Their laws and regulations are of their own framing. They cohabit with one another, neither asking nor giving in marriage. Their visible calling is the making of horn-spoons, mending pans and kettles, and clasping and cementing broken china ware. But the robbery of hen-

roosts and hedges, *lifting* lambs from their folds, and other acts of contribution, are the natural and expected consequences of their troublesome neighbourhood. So much are they noted for petty acts of depredation, that the exclamation of an old woman in Galloway is there treasured up as a phrase of caution. On the morning after the arrival of the tinker squad, she was calling her poultry for the purpose of feeding them ;—

“ Chuckie ! chuckie ! chuckie !—*Ay, haith ! sae I may !* Our new-come neebors like feather’d flesh owre weel !”

These gypsies are an undaunted and vigorous set of vagrants, lodging, as it suits them, a few days or weeks in the first empty barn or kiln they can find. Here they set up their little forges and shops without the ceremony of asking permission of their owners. They were formerly very formidable among the lonesome cottages, forcibly stealing and pillaging every thing that fell in their way ; but when the Legislature disarmed the peasantry, they were compelled to lay aside their short swords and daggers. They are now dwindled into little parties, seldom exceeding six or seven in number, men, women, and children, with a couple of asses to carry their spoon-making apparatus and bartering wares.

Note I.

When hailstones drive wi' bitter skyte.

The slanting stroke of hail when carried by the wind.

Note II.

*Ae night at e'en a merry core
O' randie, gangrel bodies,
In Posie-Nansie's held the splore,
To drink their orra duddies.*

Randie, gangrel bodies, are blackguard vagrants. The *splore* is a frolic, a merry meeting. In the slang language of the inhabitants of St. Giles's, in London, it is called a *spree*, or a *go*. *Orra duddies* are superfluous rags. *Posie Nansie* is an expressive Scottish nickname for one whose fingers are too familiar with the purses of others. A *pose* signifies a purse of money, a quantity of coin, &c. *Posie Nansie's* was also a designation for a well-known barn in the outskirts of Mauchline, belonging to a whiskey-house, in which the Beggars held their orgies, and where the present group actually met.

Note III.

*While she held up her greedy gab
Just like an aumos dish.*

The box, or bag, in which a beggar receives the handfuls of meat, given as an *aumos*, or charitable donation. It is also a Scottish phrase applied to a sturdy beggar ;—

‘ Work or want ye’re nae *amous*.’

Note IV.

*Ilk smack still, did crack still,
Like ony cadger’s whip.*

A *cadger* is a man who travels the country with a horse or an ass, carrying two panniers loaded with various merchandize for the country people.

Note V.

*He ended; and the kebars sheuk
Aboon the chorus roar;
While frightened rattons backward leuk,
An seek the benmost bore.*

Kebars are the rafters of the barn. Sometimes in old Scotch poetry they are called *bougers*.

Wi' bougers o' barns they beft blue caps,
While they o' bairns made brigs.'

Christ's Kirk on the Green.

The *benmost bore* is the deepest hole or recess of the place.

No. VI.

*Then neist outspak a raucle carlin,
Wha kenn'd fu' weel to cleek the sterlin'.*

A *raucle carlin*; a sturdy, raw-boned, weather-beaten, outspoken Dame, finely explained in familiar Scotch, as, 'Ane wha wad gie a bluidy snout sooner than a mensfu' word.

The word *cleek* alludes to the crooking of the fingers when employed in the act of picking a pocket:

'For mony a pursie she had hooked.'

No. VII.

*Her love had been a Highland laddie,
But weary fa' the waefu' woodie!*

The *woodie*, a sort of rope formed of twisted willow-wands used occasionally, in ancient times, in the summary executions of prisoners of war, or thieves caught in woods.

Note VIII.

*A pigmy scraper on a fiddle,
 -Wha us'd to trystes and fairs to driddle.*

To *driddle*. A contemptuous phrase applied to the walking or other motions of people who are deformed, or diminutive in stature.

Note IX.

*At kirns an' weddings we'se be there,
 An' O! sae nicely's we will fare!
 We'll bouze about, &c.*

A Scotch wedding lasted three or four days in ancient times: Feasting, dancing, and other merriment, afforded rare doings for the strolling minstrels.

Note X.

And while I kittle hair on thairms.
i. e. while I rub a horse-hair bow upon cat-gut.

Note XI.

*Wi' ghastly ee, poor Tweedle-dee
 Upon his hunkers bended.*

To sit on one's hunkers, to sit with the hips hanging downwards, and the weight of the body depending on the knees.

No. XII.

*An' by that stowpe, my faith an' hope,
An' by that dear Keilbagie!
If e'er ye want, or meet wi' scant,
May I ne'er weet my craigie!*

This is a deeply-solemn oath for a tinker; but it must be remembered that his resources never failed while any of his neighbours' property remained unsecured. The faith to be put in their curses is proverbial.

That dear Keilbagie. Keilbagie is a well-known kind of whiskey, in great request among the jovial inhabitants of POSIE NANSIE'S barn.

Note XIII.

*Her lord, a wight of Homer's craft,
Tho' limpin' wi' the spavie,
He hirkled up, and lap like daft,
An' shor'd them 'Dainty Davie'
O' boot that night.*

The strolling bard seems rejoiced at getting rid of one of his doxies; and merrily *shores*, or makes a blythe threatening promise of the tune called 'Dainty Davie,' into the bargain.

Note XIV.

*I am a bard, of no regard
Wi' gentle-folks, an' a' that;
But Homer-like, the glowran-byke,
Frae town to town I draw that.*

The glowran-byke. Byke is a term applied to a swarm of bees. Here it means a multitude of people, whom the bard draws from their houses, like so many bees, to listen to his lilting.

Note XV.

They toom'd their pocks, they pawn'd their duds.
i. e. they emptied their wallets, and pawn'd their rags.

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THE
Procession
OF
CHAUCER'S PILGRIMS
TO CANTERBURY.

A PRINT,

FROM THE

WELL-KNOWN CABINET PICTURE, PAINTED
FROM THIS SUBJECT,

BY THOMAS STOTHARD, ESQ. R. A.

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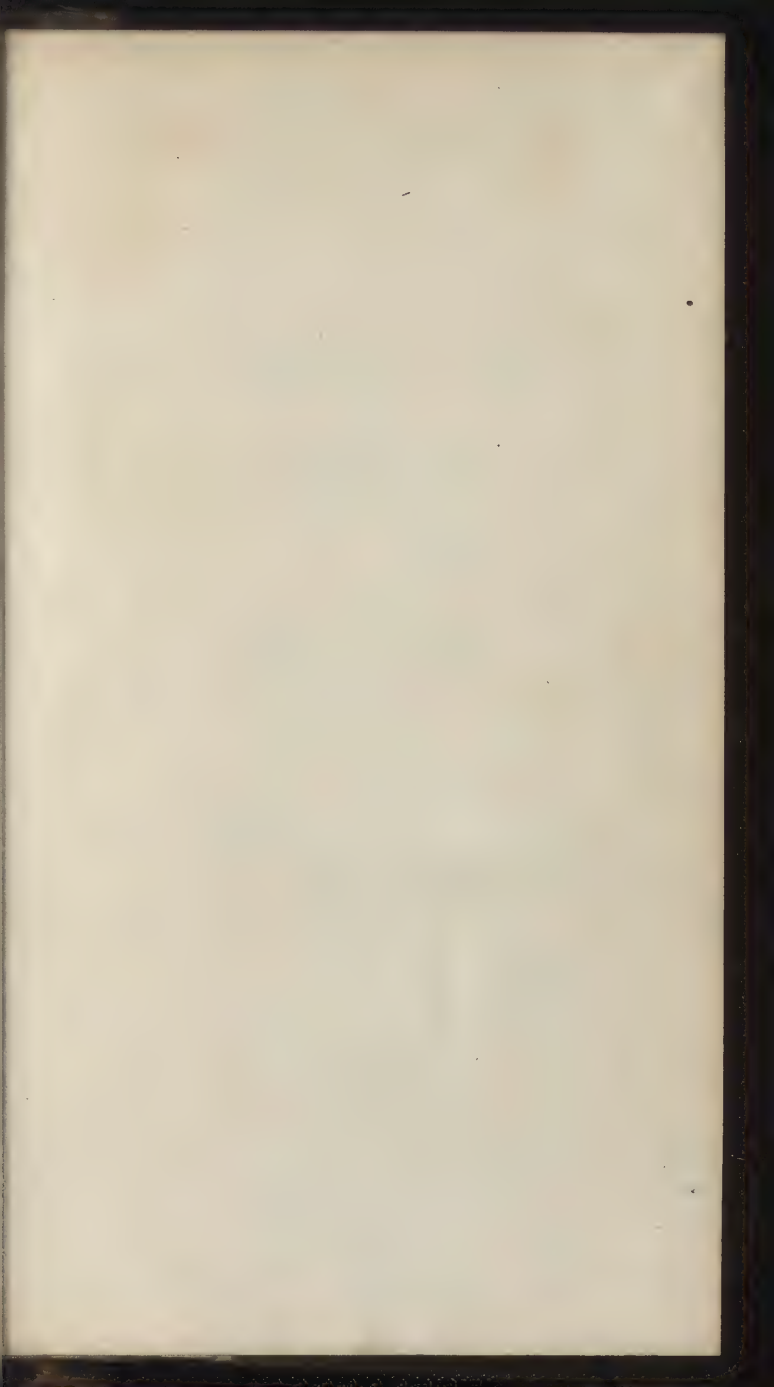
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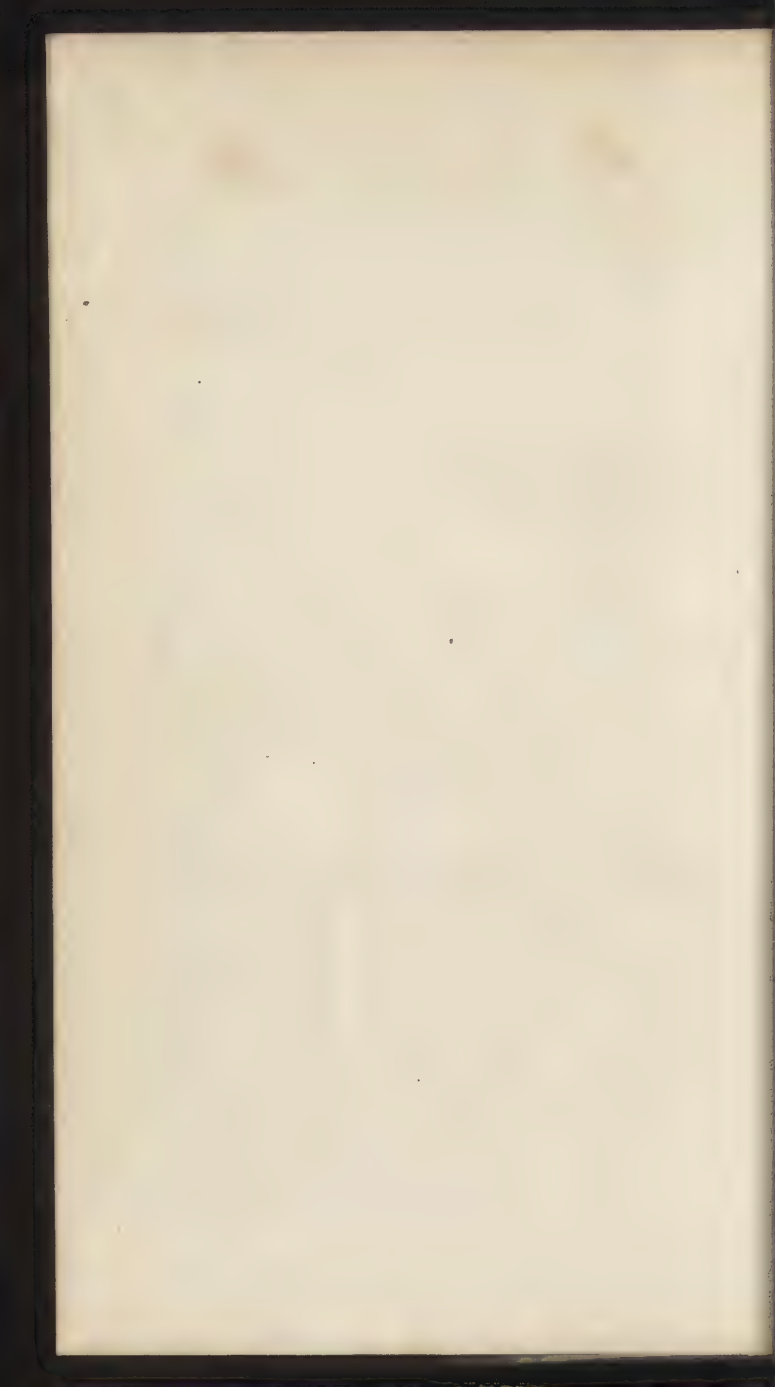
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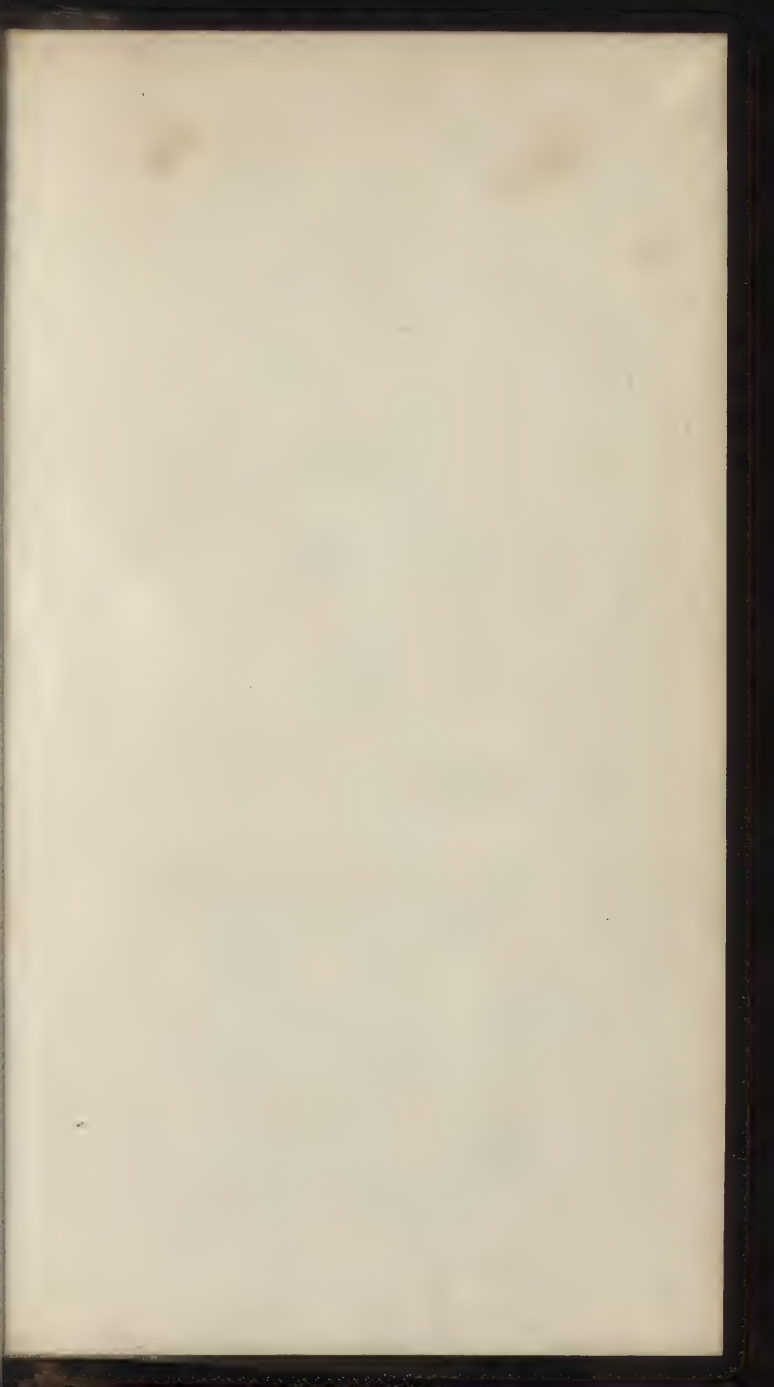
The scheme of this Work is in every respect very extraordinary, as will best appear from a short representation of the Author's design, as explained by Mr. Tyrwhitt, in his preface. 'Chaucer pretends, that intending to pay his devotions at the shrine of Thomas à Becket, he set up his horse at the Tabard Inn, in Southwark; that he found at the Inn a number of Pilgrims, who severally proposed the same journey; and that they all agreed to sup together, and to set out the next morning on the same party. The supper being finished, the landlord, a fellow of sense and drollery, conformably to his character and calling, makes them no disagreeable proposal, that, to divert them on their journey, each of them should be obliged to tell two stories, one going, the other coming back; and that whoever, in the judgment of the company, should succeed best in this art of Tale-telling, by way of recompence, at their return to his Inn, should be entitled to a good supper at the common cost; which proposal assented to, he promises to be their governor and guide.'

It will be necessary to assure the Public, that the Artist has not allowed himself a capricious licence in his treatment of the Dresses. So far from it, they have been adopted with the nicest fidelity from the best authorities; from the British Museum, and other Public Depositories of rare MSS.; from Monumental Remains; from the authority of *Chaucer* himself; and from Illuminated Manuscripts, painted in his time.

J. M'CREERY, Printer,
Black-Horse-court, Fleet-street, London.







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